Newport Mercury.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CLX.—NO. 17 | NEWPORT, R. I. OCTOBER 6, 1917 | WHOLE NUMBER 8,878

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.
A. H. SANBORN, }

Mercury Building,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Local Matters.

Home Garden Prizes.

The Home Garden Committee, of which Mrs. Alfred G. Langley is chairman, has completed the award of prizes in the contest for the season of 1917, the winners being as follows:

First prize—for best gardens—6 prizes—$1.00 each.

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. Charles—22 Holland St.
Lillian Hord—Church Street Ct.
Bessie Emundi—25 Chapel St.
Mrs. Peer—61 Pond Ave.
Mrs. Phillips—7 Tilley Avenue.
Mrs. Viti—22 Walnut St.

SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. Terpening—17 Edward Street Ct.
Alice Bestoso—13 Prescott Hall Rd.
Edward Fogarty—81 Van Zandt Ave.
Mrs. Breingan—9 Carey St.
Agnes Sheehan—38 Lee Ave.
Mrs. McGee—12 Harrington St.
Theo. & Leonard Bloom—10½ Sherman
Mrs. Nickson—3 Elm St.
Gladys Carr—31 Elm St.
Mrs. Graffam—7 La Salle Place.
Mrs. Mazza—Sunshine Ct.
Alice Russell—55 Poplar St.

THIRD PRIZE

Wallace Scott—30 Clinton Ave.
Mrs. Sullivan—24 Tilden Ave.
Mrs. Nichols—20 Kingston Ave.
Mrs. Stephen Williams—51 Pond Ave.
Mrs. Cross—11 Young St.
Mrs. Gallagher—15 Young St.
Alice Deacon—33 Pope St.
Mrs. O'Brien—29 Pope St.
Mary Del Nero—474 Thames St.
Mrs. Fatzie—31 Holland St.
Mrs. Radice—30 Holland St.
Elizabeth Keenan—30 Lee Ave.
Raymond Spence—81 Roseneath Ave.
Rose Snyder—16 Marsh St.
Mr. Peters—Northam Lane.
Mrs. Reavey—28 Merton Road.

FOURTH PRIZE

Mrs. McCarthy—20 Spruce St.
Marian Lawless—88 West Broadway.
Dorothy Fillebrowne—5 Tilley Ave.
Arthur Dring—479 Thames St.
Lillian Bickel—14 Elm St.
Helen Good—10 Poplar St.
Mrs. Hackett—20 Willow St.
Mrs. Cesario—4 Third St.
Mrs. Burke—15 Walnut St.
Mrs. Adams—11 Fillmore St.
Agnes Johnson—8 Northam Lane.

More Men Required.

The exemption board is still at work filling Newport's quota of the drafted army. Three installments have been sent to Camp Devens, of 12, 101 and 66, making 179 sent. Of this number 10 have been sent home disqualified, making 169 of Newport's quota of 254 furnished. Of this number the board expect a credit of about 10 for commissioned men from Newport, leaving 244 to make Newport's full quota. This leaves 75 more men for Newport to furnish. Of this number there are 30 colored men that the board has already passed upon but who have not yet been called for by the powers that be. This will leave 45 more men yet to be furnished and Newport's quota of the first draft army will be filled.

President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University will visit Newport on Saturday and Sunday, October 27th and 28th, in order to meet with Brown men who are in naval or military service at the station. He will join the [illegible] undergraduates at [illegible] evening. On Sunday morning he will lead the outdoor service at the [illegible] station, and in the afternoon will speak at the service in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Ancients Visit Newport.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston paid a visit to Newport on Tuesday, coming down in automobiles from Providence and enjoying a visit to many interesting parts of the city. The organization was under the command of Colonel Willis W. Stover and there were some 250 members in the party which required a large number of automobiles to transport them. At the Mile Corner the party was met by Colonel Frank P. King, and escorted down Broadway and through Thames street to Price's Neck Life Saving Station, where an exhibition drill was given. The party then continued to the Beach where a delicious luncheon was served by the Beach management in the large dining room.

In the afternoon, a special drill of the apprentices at the Training Station was tendered to the visitors by Commander Johnston, the work of the young men being highly commended by the visitors, all of whom have had much experience in military bodies and many of whom are now on active duty in the United States Army.

Later in the afternoon the party returned to Providence where the annual banquet was served in the evening.

Cliff Walk Case Halted

Some time ago the Newport Improvement Association started a movement to have the question of legal rights and responsibilities in the Cliff Walk laid before the Supreme Court, the course being a somewhat complicated one in order to get the matter before that body. Their efforts have been defeated by a ruling from the Attorney General of the State, Herbert A. Rice, that no question of law is involved, and that, therefore, the matter cannot go before the Court.

The Attorney General, in announcing his opinion, states some facts that are of considerable interest. He says:

"In my opinion, however, any question of law to be presented by the governor to the judges of the supreme court should be one of public import in which the interests of the state or of the general public are involved. The above resolution raises no such question of law. Under Section 17 of Articles of the Constitution, the people of this state are guaranteed the free enjoyment and exercise of all the rights of fishery and all the privileges of the shore to which they were entitled under the charter and by usage. They now enjoy and exercise these rights and privileges along the cliffs at Newport. Whenever those rights and privileges are impaired or denied, a question of law will be raised affecting the interests of the state. So far as I am aware, the state is not now and never has been a party to the laying out and maintenance of a particularly located and well-defined walk along the cliffs. These walks were evidently laid out and maintained by those who had an interest in so doing. Whoever has had such walks and thereby invite the general public to traverse them, should certainly keep them in repair. In my opinion this resolution does not present any question of law to be submitted to the supreme court by the governor under section 2 of Article 12 of Amendment."

Newport Improvement Association.

At the regular meeting of the Newport Improvement Association on Monday, President Lawrence L. Gillespie presiding, Mr. Max Levy was again elected secretary of the executive committee, his consent to serve in this capacity having been obtained by members since the annual meeting. Considerable business was discussed, including a presentation of the milk situation by Dr. Horace P. Beck. Dr. Beck stated that this was a serious matter, but that the farmers supplying milk to Newport are willing to establish a pasteurization plant, providing the local board of health provides a trained inspector and enforces all regulations strictly and impartially. He said that the board of health has agreed that after the first of January only pasteurized and certified milk shall be sold in the city. Dr. Beck criticised the local board of health quite sharply.

Mr. John du Fais reported that a policeman now patrols the Cliff Walk from 11 a. m. to 8 p. m., and the committee hopes to secure an appropriation for more patrol duty next year. A number of other matters were presented to the Association by various members, mostly of a minor nature.

It will interest old Newporters to hear that Donald Canmore Malcom, second son of the late Howard Malcom, a Newport boy, and grandson of Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, D. D., has sailed for France as an aviator. Mr. Malcom joined the Officers Reserve Corps at Fort Myer, Virginia, later entering the Aviation Corps at Columbus, Ohio, where he was graduated as an [illegible] with commission as First Lieutenant, immediately sailing for the [illegible].

Superintendent Edward P. Gosling of the [illegible] department of the Bay State Street Railway Company is now [illegible] of the railway [illegible] Superintendent Donohue [illegible] transferred.

Honors for the Drafted Men

The third detail of Newport's quota for the National Army departed for Camp Devens early Wednesday morning, following several interesting demonstrations in honor of the men who represent Newport. There were 66 men in this detachment.

On Monday evening, a large parade was held in their honor, followed by a dinner at Masonic Hall, at which addresses were made by Governor Beeckman, Mayor Burdick, William R. Harvey and others. The parade was an impressive one, headed by Governor Beeckman as commander-in-chief, with Colonel Frank P. King as Chief Marshal. The line was made up of the Mayor, Board of Aldermen, and other City officials, the Newport Artillery Company with the Fort Adams band, G. A. R. veterans, Spanish War veterans, and the drafted men or Boys of 1917, comprising the first division.

The second division comprised the two Odd Fellows lodges, with the Municipal band, the Red Men, and the Elks with the Musicians School band from the Training Station. The Third Division was made up of the Knights of Columbus with the Reservist band, the Hibernians and the Father Mathew Society, the last being headed by its own fife and drum corps.

An immense crowd of people was out to see the parade, and the drafted men were given hearty applause as they passed. Following the parade, the men proceeded to Masonic Hall, where an excellent supper was served and was followed by speaking of a serious nature.

On Tuesday evening a subscription ball was given in honor of the drafted men at Newport Beach, and several organizations also entertained in honor of those of their members who had been drafted. The men departed in good spirits on the 6.55 train Wednesday morning.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when monthly bills were approved and other routine business was transacted. There was a lively discussion over the proposals for the collection of refuse, several bidders being represented by counsel, and having an opportunity to explain their bids. The board was not in a position to award contracts, as the matter must be referred to the representative council for an appropriation. It was the sense of the board that, owing to the unsettled conditions, a contract should be made for only one year, although bids were presented for various terms. Mayor Burdick and Alderman Kirby favored the recommendation of the lowest bidder, Moses David, but the majority of the board voted in favor of recommending the bid of Neffer & Hattub, the present contractors, which was about $2000 a year higher. The Narragansett Bay Realty Company also put in a bid, which was between the other two.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations.

The weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening was a short one, routine business occupying most of the time. To the city solicitor was referred a summons for the board to appear before the Supreme Court on October 22 to show cause why the decision of the Public Utilities commission should not be reversed in the matter of raising fares on the Bay State Street Railway lines.

Selling the Liberty Bonds

The Newport committee to handle the allotment of liberty bonds of the second issue is getting in its work, and hopes to be able to dispose of its share of the bonds by the date specified. Hon. Frederick P. Garrettson is chairman of the committee, and Mr. C. V. Dean of the Federal Bank has been here to assist the committee. On this issue of bonds, all the towns of Newport County have been assigned to the Newport district, and the committee has therefore added a representative from each town to the committee. Ray G. Lewis represents New Shoreham, Isaac H. Clarke Jamestown, M. M. Van Beuren Middletown, Arthur A. Sherman Portsmouth, George R. Lawton Tiverton and Abraham Manchester Little Compton.

The first of the Fall practice marches of the Naval Apprentices from the Training Station will be held next Wednesday afternoon if the weather is favorable. The weekly exhibition drills at the Station have been discontinued for the winter.

Rev. Charles W. Forster will be installed as rector of Emmanuel Church next Sunday morning, by Bishop Perry, and will deliver his first sermon. A reception will be tendered to the new rector next Wednesday evening.

Inspector John S. Tobin of the Newport police department is on the sick list.

Superior Court.

The October session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened in this city on Monday, Justice Doran presiding. There is considerable business for the Court and the session is likely to be a long one. William F. Caswell of Jamestown was appointed foreman of the grand jury, which considered a number of cases and reported several indictments, two of which were secret. Archie Hunsucker and Frederick Jenkins pleaded not guilty to the charge of robbery, but subsequently retracted and pleaded nolo, being sentenced to eighteen months at hard labor. George Hatton and Vincent Becker pleaded not guilty to taking and using an automobile, and were released on bail, later pleading nolo and taking suspended sentence. Rose Champagne pleaded nolo to keeping a nuisance and was placed on probation. Ernest Levesque pleaded nolo to keeping a nuisance. John A. Nelson was fined $90 for having 18 short lobsters in his possession.

Tuesday was largely devoted to divorce hearings, some contested and some uncontested. Petitions were granted in the following cases: Henrietta Naomi Wetherell vs. John Henry Wetherell, 2nd, neglect to provide; Joseph Purtell vs. Frances L. H. Purtell, cruelty and misbehavior; Marion W. Teufel vs. Howard Teufel, cruelty and neglect to provide; Mary C. Wegan vs. Thomas E. Wegan, drunkenness and non-support; Marion Sullivan vs. John Joseph Sullivan, cruelty; Mary Tobin Lynch vs. Louis A. Lynch, non-support; Isabelle Swenson vs. Carl Swenson, neglect to provide, desertion and cruelty; Mabel P. Dobie vs. Walter J. Dobie, non-support. The contested case of Alphonse Roy vs. Mary E. Roy was heard at considerable length, and the Court declined to grant the petition, on the ground that the petitioner had not proved his allegation.

Wednesday morning, the attorney general's docket was cleared of many old cases, in which prosecution now seems impossible. The motion for a new trial in the case of State vs. Wah Lee, who was found guilty on a charge of murder some months ago, will be heard before Judge Brown in Providence on October 13. Judgment was entered against Max Teitz and Israel Josephson on their bail bonds in the case against Samuel Ball, defaulted.

The case of State vs. Richard J. Peckham, charged with carrying swill into Middletown was heard by a jury of which Joseph W. Blaine was foreman. The State claimed that Peckham was carrying swill from Newport Beach to his farm in Middletown on August 10, 1917. Peckham claimed that the swill from the Beach was carried to the swill scow, and that the swill on his wagon came from the Clambake Club and Quigley's place, both of which are in Middletown. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Another divorce petition was granted, Frank E Kinney vs. Madsie Kinney.

There was little business for the Court on Thursday, there being no cases ready for jury trial, and the jurors were excused until Monday morning, the court being adjourned over Friday and Saturday. There was argument on demurrer in the case of Mary E. Welch vs. M. Yeager & Son, the defendants being the contractors for the new Federal building. The plaintiff claimed to have sustained injuries as the result of a fall on the sidewalk at the Federal site, and the defense claimed that they were not responsible for the condition of the walk. The Court took the papers. A few final decrees were entered in divorce cases, and some other matters that did not require a jury were disposed of.

Newport Herald to Move.

The Newport Herald will move into their new home on Franklin street next month, when they will have a convenient and well equipped establishment. Some time ago the Herald Publishing Company purchased the property on Franklin street next above the Holly Tree restaurant, and for some weeks have been at work in making over the building to meet their requirements. A splendid new perfecting press is now being built for their use and will be installed on a solid concrete foundation in the new building.

On Monday, October 15th, a three-day's hearing will begin before the Supreme Court of the State on the question of an appeal from the Superior Court on the so-called Davis will case, involving the estate of the late Theodore M. Davis of Newport. Many counsel of prominence all over the country are engaged in the case in the interests of the many parties involved. When the case was tried in the Superior Court, several months were required to complete the testimony and arguments.

The present early morning mail will be discontinued November 1st, and after that date the present indications are that the morning mail will be distributed about noon.

Red Cross Society.

The annual meeting of Newport Chapter of the Red Cross was held on Monday afternoon, Mrs. R. Livingston Beeckman, chairman, presiding. Very interesting reports of the work accomplished during the year were received from the chairmen of the various committees, and it was urged that a strenuous effort be made to secure a larger membership.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Chairman—Mrs. R. Livingston Beeckman.

First Vice Chairman—Mrs. French Vanderbilt.

Second Vice Chairman—Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D.

Secretary—Peyton Van Rensselaer.

Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.

Honorary Counsel—William P. Sheffield; ex-officio, Governor R. Livingston Beeckman, Mayor Clark Burdick, Captain H. F. Bryan, U. S. N., Captain Edward L. Beach, U. S. N., Commander Rufus Z. Johnston, U. S. N., Colonel Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A.

General Committee of Twenty Five—H. P. Beck, A. B. Commerford, George Gordon King, Mrs. D. B. Fearing, F. P. Garrettson, Mrs. Ernest Howe, Mrs. Peter King, Mrs. J. K. McLennan, Mrs. E. P. Robinson, Mrs. W. P. Sheffield, Mrs. R. F. Webster, Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Miss Cortazzo, Colonel A. A. Barker, Mrs. R. F. Webster, H. W. H. Powel, D. C. Caesar, Mrs. W. S. Sims, Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, Mrs. H. D. Auchincloss, Mrs. Robert S. Hayes, Mr. T. B. Congdon, Mrs. J. A. Swan, Michael Van Beuren, H. A. Titus.

Executive Committee—Chairman, Mrs. Beeckman; 1st vice chairman, Mrs. Vanderbilt; secretary, Peyton Van Rensselaer; Mrs. D. B. Fearing, Mrs. J. K. McLennan, Mr. D. C. Caesar, Mr. A. B. Commerford.

Where is the Corn Meal?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MERCURY:

What about White Corn Meal? My family is very fond of it, especially of the Rhode Island variety. While I lived in Newport, Thomas Gould used to come in every Saturday with his wagon loaded with paper bags filled with pecks and half pecks fresh ground from his mills at the Glen; everybody wanted it, and those who wanted it got it—at least so far as he was able to supply it. Thomas Hazard of Vaucluse ("Shepard Tom") wrote about it in praise of the perfection of Rhode Island johnnycakes made of it, to which I would refer your readers if it is still in print. When I left Newport, to become a farmer in Fitchburg, I carried a supply of seed with me, from which I raised crops successfully for ten years, showing that it can be raised as well in Massachusetts as in Rhode Island, but nobody seems to do it. The slogan here seems to be, "Golden Corn Meal." After coming to Lynn, when visiting Newport, I used generally to bring home a package of the genuine article with me, for our markets do not supply it right. I have written to the Broadway store in your city where I used to get it, and they wrote back that they did not keep it. I wonder if it has ceased to be in demand there as well as here, if so now is a good time to revive it. Now that Mr. Hoover is administering the food department and we are requested to conserve flour to the extent of doing without white bread two days in the week, and various receipts for using corn meal have been suggested, why not begin right and get the best? In one article it is admitted that yellow corn for corn cake is too dry. I have noticed the difference and this is not the case with corn meal, it is deliciously moist and tasty.

In conclusion, if you Mr. Editor see fit to publish this communication in your valuable paper, I would heartily thank you if you could inform me as well as your other readers where we can get the genuine "flat" (as Shepard Tom specified) Rhode Island White Corn Meal?

WM. DAME.

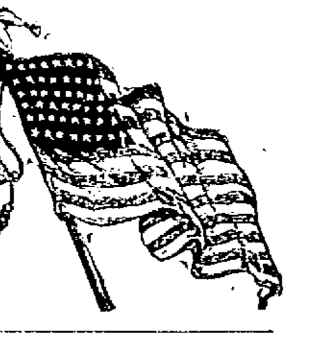
East Lynn, Mass.

Shipbuilding to Start Soon

The new shipbuilding company which is soon to be established in Portsmouth has secured the title to the land required for their business and will begin the construction of their plant at once. Temporary headquarters have been established in this city, and Mr. Reed, who has had long experience in the shipbuilding industry at Bath, Maine, is in charge as general manager. It is the intention of the company to push the construction of the plant as rapidly as possible so that its operation can be started in the near future. At the present time every shipyard in the country is crowded to its full capacity and there is practically no limit to the contracts offered to any company that will accept them. The new industry should mean a great deal to Newport as well as to Portsmouth.

The Rhode Island section of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee has arranged for a mass meeting in the interest of the cause at Churchill House, Providence, on Thursday, October 11th, at 4.00 o'clock. Prominent speakers have been engaged, and some excellent music will be heard. All women are invited to attend.

The schools will be closed on Columbus Day, October 12th. There will also be two more holidays for the pupils this month, the Teachers' Institute being held on October 25, 26 and 27. The teachers are required to attend the Institute, but the pupils have the time to enjoy.



MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent

Aquidneck Grange had a largely attended meeting last week at the town hall, the occasion being the annual "Neighbor's Night." The visiting officials included Worthy Master Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Newport County Pomona Grange, Jesse Durfee, Master of Portsmouth Grange, Oliver Head, Master of Nanaquaket Grange, Newport County Deputy Arthur A. Sherman of Portsmouth, Wm. A. Peckham of Little Compton, a member of the State Grange Executive Committee, County Agent Lester Lloyd of the Farm Bureau, and guests from Stowe and Great Barrington, a total attendance of 125. Of these Little Compton had a delegation of 24, Portsmouth 21, Nanaquaket 19, and Tiverton 2. During the business session three applications for membership were received, and the Grange voted to give ten dollars to the Camp Library fund. Brief remarks were made by the visiting Patrons. The evening's program included a charade contest by the county granges, the prize of three dollars having been awarded to Nanaquaket Grange, which was represented in the entertainment by Rev. Mr. Gardner of Holy Trinity Church, Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe and Miss Mabel Gray. The judges were Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. Durfee.

Slips containing questions were distributed by the Lecturer, Miss Helen L. Stoddard, and considerable interest and amusement was derived from their answers. A peanut race in which knives were used to carry the nuts concluded the evening's program. Mrs. Charles H. Ward, Jr., gave a number of piano selections during the serving of refreshments. Mrs. Harry E. Peckham was chairman of the feast committee. During the latter part of the evening each person was given an opportunity of examining two blossoms from that strange plant known as the Night Blooming Cereus. These had opened that evening and were brought by Mrs. Joel Peckham. A large majority had never seen the flower before, and many knew nothing whatever about it. Mrs. Peckham's plant has had 25 buds, and Mrs. Lydia B. Chase's of Turner's Road, 20. Next Thursday Aquidneck will hold an "Experience Social." Each one to earn and give a dollar and relate how, when and where it was earned.

The Sunday School of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel was resumed on Sunday last, and the vested choir from St. George's School began their duties for the winter. The Sunday evening services, which were inaugurated two weeks ago by the new rector, Rev. I. Harding Hughes, at the Berkeley Parish House, are calling out a large number of people in that section. The Middletown Constabulary have been invited to attend in a body and will probably do so as soon as a date can be arranged.

Miss Josephine Fiske, superintendent of the Deaconess Home, Providence, was the speaker Sunday afternoon at the M. E. Church, and the offering was for this work. The Epworth League again voted her five dollars to aid in caring for a second child at the Fall River Home. They have given a similar sum for two years past. The evening service was conducted by the president of the Epworth League, Mrs. Julia Brown, her subject being "Discouragement and its Cure."

On Wednesday Mrs. Everett P. Smith and her two daughters left for Spokane, Wash., where Mrs. Smith is to spend several months with her father, Mr. J. P. M. Richards. During her absence Rev. Mr. Smith will board mainly in Newport. He has been asked by Bishop Perry to serve as volunteer chaplain to those of the Episcopal faith at the Reservist's Camp.

Miss Charlotte A. Chase, librarian of the Free Public Library at the West side, and chairman of the Camp Library Fund, expects to complete the sum apportioned to Middletown, $150, by the end of the week. The Paradise Club, which opened its meetings for the season Wednesday, voted to give $3.00.

The new Berkeley School has recently received from Dr. F. deM. Bertram a set of Encyclopædia Britannica, one hundred miscellaneous books and a number of volumes on the present war by King Albert of Belgium; also several pictures of Westminster Abbey and a portrait of Pasteur, the French bacteriologist. Mrs. Bertram died two years ago, and the elder son, Frederick, Jr., entered the navy last spring. The doctor decided to dispose of his household effects and property, which was done last week at auction, returning to Ayer where he is a lieutenant in the cavalry as well as a veterinary. The younger son, Wallace, who is in the grammar grade, will board in Newport. The property on Paradise Avenue has been purchased by Mr. Ralph Woolett of Jamaica Plains, who expects to reside here.

Miss Lydia Peabody is making a six week's visit in the West among relatives. Her brother, William B. Peabody, resides at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

St. Columba's Guild presented Mr. Roy Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Restcom S. Peckham, a soldier's kit last Friday at their regular meeting. Mr. Peckham left Wednesday for Ayer, Mass. The members have also made and filled ten comfort bags to be forwarded to a French hospital. They will now begin on work for their annual Christmas sale.

HEART of the SUNSET

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The Man of Destiny.

"Now, then, I'll explain," said Alaire, turning to the men. "Longorio declares he won't have me except as his wife, and I think he means it. He is amazingly egotistical. He has tremendous ambitions. He thinks this war is his great opportunity, and he means to be president—he's sure of it. He loves me, but he loves himself better, I'm sure. Now, don't you see? He'll have to choose one or the other."

Father O'Malley did not appear to appreciate the full force of this reasoning. "My dear," he said, gravely, "he can make you a widow again. In such times as these men are savages."

"Oh, but that's not all." Alaire turned to her newly made husband. "They let you in, and they'll let you out again—if you go quickly, before it's known what we've done."

Dave stared at her in bewilderment. "I? I go, and—leave you?" He seemed doubtful of her sanity.

"Yes." When he laughed shortly, Alaire cried: "Dave, you must! Don't you see what I'm driving at? If he can't marry me, if he finds you're gone and he can't lay hands on you, what can he do but let me go? Dave dear, for my sake, for the sake of us both—"

"You're excited," he told her, and drew her to himself gently.

"Please! Please!" she implored.

"You don't know that man," said Father O'Malley, with conviction.

But Alaire insisted, half hysterically now: "I do; that's just it, I do know him. He is planning the greatest things for himself, his head is in the clouds, and he doesn't do the things he used to do. That's why I called in those women as witnesses. He can't put them out of the way. With Dave gone I'll be safe. He can't ignore our marriage. But otherwise— There's no telling what he may do. Why, he'll kill you, Dave, as he killed Ed." She upturned a face eloquent with pleading. "Won't you do this for me?"

"No!" Law declared, firmly. "You wouldn't ask it if you were in your senses. Get me a gun and I'll shoot my way out. We'll go until they stop us. But don't ask me to leave you."

She searched his face eagerly, piteously, then with a quivering sigh relaxed her tension. "Then we've only made matters worse. You've spoiled our only chance."

Father O'Malley, who had been lost in thought, spoke up again: "Perhaps you will let me try my wits. But first, do I understand that it was he who effected the death of—Mr. Austin?"

Dave recounted as coherently as he could the circumstances of Ed's death, and told how he had learned, through Jose, of Longorio's intentions. As the priest listened a spot of color grew in his cheeks, his eyes glowed with indignation. He was about to make known what was in his mind when Alaire raised her hand and in a strained whisper exclaimed:

"Sh-h! Listen!"

The heavy door of the hacienda creaked, a quick tread sounded on the tiles, the door to the living room was flung open, and Longorio entered. He was hot and dusty from his ride, but with a lover's impetuosity he had made straight for this lighted room.

For the briefest instant he balanced himself just inside the portal, and the smile remained fixed upon his lips. Then his eyes became ringed with white and he made a swift, catlike movement of retreat. Plainly this was the supremest surprise of his lifetime, and he seemed to doubt his senses. But he recovered quickly. Thrusting his head forward, he demanded:

"What is this? You—and you?" He stared from Dave to the priest, then back again.

They all spoke at once, but he heard only Alaire's words:

"He came to find me."

Pancho appeared in the doorway behind Longorio, saying: "I heard you ride up, sir, so I ran to tell you about this fellow."

But the general cut him short. "Call your men, quick," he cried in a voice that sent the soldier leaping back into the night.

Alaire was clinging to Dave, merely clutching him the tighter when he tried to unclasp her hold. Her movement into the shelter of his rival's arms infuriated Longorio, who uttered an exclamation and fumbled uncertainly with his holster. But his fingers were clumsy. He could not take his eyes from the pair, and he seemed upon the point of rushing forward to tear them apart.

"Don't touch her! Don't—" he began, cursing in a high-pitched voice. "God! What a reckoning!" Then he stamped his feet, he wrung his hands, he called shrilly at the top of his voice: "Lieutenant! Ho, Pancho! You fellows! Quickly!" Under the stress of his excitement the feminine side of his character betrayed itself.

Alaire felt her newly made husband gather himself for a spring; he was muttering to her to release him; he was trying to push her aside, but she held fast with the strength of desperation.

"You can't harm us," she declared, finishing her words defiantly at the Mexican. "You dare not. You are too late. Father O'Malley has just married us."

Longorio uttered a peculiar, wordless cry of dismay; his mouth fell open; his arms dropped; he went limp all

"This Is the Man I Love—the Only Man."

over, paralyzed momentarily by surprise and horror; his eyes troubled; he swayed as if his sight had blurred.

"I said I'd never marry you," she rushed on, vibrantly. "This is the man I love—the only man. Yes, and I've learned the truth about you. I know who killed Mr. Austin."

Longorio did a very unexpected thing then; slowly, unconsciously, as if the movement were the result of a half-forgotten training, he crossed himself.

But now from the hall at his back came the pounding of boot-heels, and a half-dozen panting troopers tumbled through the door. He waved them back and out into the hall again.

Father O'Malley, who had been trying to make himself heard, stepped in front of the general and said, solemnly: "Take care what you do, Longorio. I have married these people, and you can't undo what I have done. We are American citizens. The laws of civilization protect us."

The Mexican fought for his voice, then stammered: "You are my priest; I brought you here. I offered to marry her. Now—you force me to damn my soul." Turning his eyes wildly upon Alaire, he shouted: "Too late, eh? You say I am too late! It seems that I am barely in time."

Dave added his words to the others: "You are ten to one, but you can't have her," he cried, defiantly. "Jose Sanchez confessed to the murder of Mr. Austin, and told how you had got Mrs. Austin to come here. The whole thing is known in Washington and Mexico City by this time. The newspapers have it; everybody knows you are keeping her as your prisoner, and that I have come for her. If she is harmed, all Mexico, all the world, will know that you are worse than a murderer."

Longorio reached behind his back and slammed the door in the faces of his listening men.

"What is this? What did Jose confess?" he inquired, sharply.

"He swears you hired him."

"Bah! The word of a pelador."

In spite of the man's contemptuous tone Dave saw the expression in his face and made a quick decision. "There's a limit to what you dare to do, Longorio. I'm unarmed; I make no resistance, so there is no excuse for violence. I surrender to you, and claim protection for myself and my wife."

But Longorio was not to be tricked. "Good!" he cried, triumphantly. "I have been looking forward to something like this, and I shall give myself a great pleasure." He laid a hand upon the door-knob, but before he could turn it the Catholic priest had him by the arm, and with a strength surprising in one of his stature wrenched him away. Father O'Malley's face was white and terrible; his voice was deep, menacing; the hand he raised above Longorio seemed to brandish a weapon.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Are you a madman? Destruction hangs over you: destruction of body and soul. You dare not separate those whom God hath joined."

"God! God!" the other shrilled. "I don't believe in him. I am a god; I know of no other."

"Blasphemer!" roared the little man. "Listen, then. So surely as you harm these people, so surely do you kill your earthly prospects. You, the first man in Mexico, the dictator indeed! Think what you are doing before it is too late. Is your dream of greatness only a dream? Will you sacrifice yourself and all your aspirations in the heat of this unholy and impossible passion? Tonight, now, you must choose whether you will be famous or infamous, glorious or shameful, honored or dishonored! Restrain your hatred and conquer your lust, or forego forever your dreams of empire and pass into oblivion."

"You are a meddler," Longorio stormed. "You make a loud noise, but I shall rid Mexico of your kind. We shall have no more of you priests."

Father O'Malley shook the speaker as a parent shakes an unruly child. "See! You have completely lost your head. But I want you to listen to what I am saying. Whether you are more good than evil, God must judge, but the people of Mexico are good people, and they will not be ruled by a man who is wholly bad. You have the power to remove this man and this woman, yes, and this priest who dares to point out the pit at your feet; but if you do you will never command another Mexican army. There is no war. We are not your enemies. The world knows we are here, and it holds you accountable for our safety. Tomorrow you will have to face the reckoning."

Longorio listened. It was plain that he recognized the truth of O'Malley's words, but he was convulsed with rage.

"Good!" he cried. "I see my dreams dissolve, but I am not the first great man to trade an empire for a woman. Antony, the Roman general, laid his honor in a woman's arms. I had a shining destiny, but Mexico will be the sufferer by my betrayal. Instead of Longorio the Deliverer, I shall be known as Longorio the Lover, the man who gave all—"

O'Malley interrupted forcefully. "Enough of this! Come with me. I have something more to say to you." He flung open the door into the hall and, taking the general by the arm, fairly dragged him from the room and into the one opposite. The lieutenant and his men looked on in amazement, shuffling their feet and shifting their rifle-butts noisily upon the floor.

Alaire turned an anxious face to Dave, saying: "He is wonderful. Longorio is almost—afraid of him."

"Yes; he may bring him to his senses. If he doesn't—". Dave cast his eyes desperately over the room, conscious all the time that he was being watched with suspicion by the men outside. He stirred restlessly and moistened his lips. "Longorio would be crazy to injure you."

Ten minutes passed; fifteen. Alaire leaned, motionless, against the table; Dave paced about, followed by the eyes of the soldiers. One of the latter struck a match, and in the silence it sounded like a gunshot. Dave started, at which the soldiers laughed. They began to talk in murmurs. The odor of cigarette smoke drifted in to the man and the woman.

Finally the door through which Father O'Malley and Longorio had passed opened, and the priest emerged. He was alone. His face was flushed and damp; his eyes were glowing. He forced the Mexicans out of his way and, entering the living room, closed the door behind him.

"Well?" his two friends questioned, anxiously.

"I've done all I can. The rest is out of our hands." The little man sat down heavily and mopped his forehead.

"What does he say?"

"He told me to come here and wait. I never saw a man so torn, so distracted."

"Then he is wavering. Oh-h!" Alaire clasped her hands in thanksgiving, but the father cautioned her:

"Don't be too sanguine. He is not afraid of consequences. He appears to have no conscience. He is without mercy and seems lost to shame. I have never met a man quite like him. Do you know what he feels at this moment? Chagrin. Yes, mortification raised to the highest pitch, and a sort of stupefaction that you should prefer another man to him. He can't understand your lack of taste." Father O'Malley smiled faintly.

"Conceited idiot," Dave growled.

"His humiliation kills him. When I saw that it was useless to appeal to him on moral grounds, and that threats were unavailing, I took another course. Something gave me insight into his mind, and the power to talk as I have never talked before. All in a flash I saw the man's soul laid bare before me, and—I think I played upon it with some cunning. I don't remember all I said, for I was inspired, but I appealed to his vanity and to his conceit, and as I went along I impressed upon him, over and over, the fact that the world knows we are here and that it trusts him. He aspires to the presidency; he believes he is destined to be Mexico's dictator; so I painted a picture that surpassed his own imaginings. He would have been suspicious of mere flattery, so I went far beyond that and inflamed him with such extravagant visions as only a child or an unblushing egotist like him could accept. I swelled his vanity; I inflated his conceit. For a moment, at least, I lifted him out of himself and raised him to the heights."

From beyond the closed door came Longorio's voice, issuing some command to his men. A moment passed; then he appeared before the three Americans. He seemed taller, thinner, more erect and hawklike than ever. His head was held more proudly and his chest was fuller. A set, disdainful smile was graven upon his face.

He began by addressing his words directly to Alaire. "Senora," he said, "I am a man of deep feeling and I scorn deceit. Therefore I offer no apology for my recent display of emotion. If I have seemed to press my advances with undue fervor, it is because, at heart, I am as great a lover as I am a statesman or a soldier. But there are other things than love. Nature constituted me a leader, and he who climbs high must climb alone. I offered Chapultepec as a shrine for your beauty. I offered to share Mexico with you, and I told you that I would not be content with less than all of you. Well, I meant it. Otherwise—I would take you now." His voice throbbed with a sudden fierce desire, and his long, lean hands closed convulsively. "You must realize that I have the courage and the power to defy the world, eh?" He seemed to challenge denial of this statement, but, receiving none, he went on, fixing his brilliant, feverish eyes once more upon Alaire. "As a man of sentiment I am unique; I am different from any you have ever known. I would not possess a flower without its fragrance. You did not believe me when I told you that, but I am going to prove it. All your life you are going to think of me as heroic. Perhaps no patriot in history ever made a more splendid sacrifice for his country than I make now. Some day the world will wonder how I had the strength to put aside love and follow the path of duty."

Alaire trusted herself to ask, "Then we are free to go?"

The general's face was swept by a grimace intended for a smile. "I have ordered your horses to be saddled."

Dave, who had with difficulty restrained his anger at the fellow's bombast, was upon the point of speaking when Father O'Malley took the words out of his mouth:

"Would you send this woman out of her own house into a country like—like this? Remember the fortune in cattle you have already taken—"

Longorio broke in with a snarl: "Is it my fault that the country is in arms? Military necessity compels me

"Go Before I Change My Mind."

to remain here. I consider myself magnanimous, I—" His voice cracked, and he made a dispairing, violent gesture. "Go, before I change my mind."

Dave signaled to the others, and Alaire slipped away to make herself ready. During the uncomfortable silence which succeeded her departure, Longorio paced the room, keeping his eyes resolutely turned away from Law.

"Do you mean that I, too, may go?" O'Malley inquired.

"What good are you to me?" snapped the general.

"You will give us safe conduct?"

"Be still, priest!" Longorio glared at the speaker, clasping and unclasping his fists behind his back.

With the sound of hoofs outside, Alaire and Dolores appeared, and the Mexican straightened himself with an effort.

"Adios, senora!" he said, with a stiff bow. "We have had a pleasant friendship and a thrilling flirtation, eh? I shall never cease to regret that fate interrupted at such an interesting moment. Adios! Adios!" He bowed formally, in turn to Dave and to the priest, then resumed his pacing, with his hands at his back and his brow furrowed as if in a struggle with affairs of greater moment than this.

But when he heard the outside door creak shut behind them his indifference vanished and he halted with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like tallow now, his lips were drawn back from his teeth as if in supreme agony. A moment and the hoof-beats had died away. Then Longorio slipped his leash.

He uttered a cry—a hoarse, half-strangled shriek that tore his throat. He plucked the collar from his neck as if it choked him; he beat his breast. Seizing whatever article his eye fell upon, he tore and crushed it; he swept the table clean of its queer Spanish bric-a-brac, and trampled the litter under his heels. Spying a painting of a saint upon the wall, he ran to it, ripped it from its nail, and, raising it over his

He Hurled Himself Into a Chair, Writhing in Agony.

head, smashed frame and glass, cursing all saints, all priests, and churchly people. Havoc followed him as he raged about the place wreaking his fury upon inanimate objects. When he had well-nigh wrecked the contents of the room, and when his first paroxysm had spent its violence, he hurled himself into a chair, writhing in agony. He bit his wrists, he pounded his fists, he kicked; finally he sprawled full length upon the floor, clawing at the cool, smooth tiles until his nails bled.

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed.

The sound of his blasphemies reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stole away into the darkness, muttering.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Grateful Peon.

With a singing heart Alaire rode through the night at her husband's side. The strain of the last few hours had been so intense, the relief at her deliverance so keen, that now she felt curiously weak, and she kept close to Dave, comforted by his nearness and secure in the knowledge of his strength.

Although he was unusually taciturn and rode with his chin upon his breast, she attributed his silence to fatigue. Now and then therefore, she spurred to his side and spoke softly, caressingly. At such times he reached for her hand and clung to it.

Dave was indeed weary; he was, in fact, in a sort of stupor, and not infrequently he dozed for a moment or two in his saddle. Some two hours out from La Feria the riders halted at a point where the road dipped into a rocky stream-bed; then, as the horses drank, Dolores voiced a thought that had troubled all of them.

"If that bandit really means to spare us, why did he send us away in the night, like this?" she asked. "I shall be surprised if we are not assassinated before morning."

"He must have meant it." Alaire spoke with a conviction she did not entirely feel. "Father O'Malley aroused the finer side of his nature."

"Perhaps," agreed the priest. "Somewhere in him there is a fear of God."

But Dave was skeptical. "More likely a fear of the gringo government," said he. "Longorio is a four-flusher. When he realized he was licked he tried to save his face by a grandstand play. He didn't want to let us go."

"Then what is to prevent him from—well, from having us followed?" Alaire inquired.

"Nothing," Dave told her.

As they climbed the bank and rode onward into the night she said: "No matter what happens, dear, I shall be happy, for at last one of my dreams has come true." He reached out and patted her. "You've no idea what a coward I was until you came. But the moment I saw you all my fears vanished. I was like a lost child who suddenly sees its father; in your arms I felt perfectly safe, for the first time in all my life, I think. I—I couldn't bear to go on without you, after this."

Dave found nothing to say; they rode along side by side for a time in a great contentment that required no speech. Then Alaire asked:

"Dear, have you considered how we—are going to explain our marriage?"

"Won't the circumstances explain it?"

"Perhaps. And yet— It seems ages since I learned—what happened to Ed, but in reality it's only a few hours. Won't people talk?"

Dave caught at the suggestion. "I see. Then let's keep it secret for the present."

With a little reckless laugh she confessed, "I—I'm afraid I'll find it difficult to be conventional."

"My wife!" he cried in sharp agony. Leaning far out, he encircled her with his arm; then, half lifting her from her saddle, he crushed his lips to hers. It was his first display of emotion since Father O'Malley had united them.

There were few villages along the road they followed, and because of the lateness of the hour all were dark, hence the party passed through without exciting attention except from an occasional wakeful dog. But as morning came and the east began to glow Dave told the priest:

"We've got to hide out during the day or we'll get into trouble. Besides, these women must be getting hungry."

"I fear there is something feminine about me," confessed the little man. "I'm famished, too."

At the next rancho they came to they applied for shelter, but were denied; in fact, the owner cursed them so roundly for being Americans that they were glad to ride onward. A mile or two farther along they met a cart the driver of which refused to answer their greetings. As they passed out of his sight they saw that he had halted his lean oxen and was staring after them curiously. Later, when the sun was well up and the world had fully awakened, they descried a mounted man, evidently a cowboy, riding through the chaparral. He saw them, too, and came toward the road, but after a brief scrutiny he whirled his horse and galloped off through the cactus, shouting something over his shoulder.

"This won't do," O'Malley declared, uneasily. "I don't like the actions of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they all hate us."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation beheld ahead of them a small village of white houses shining from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

"That's the Rio Negro crossing," Dave announced. Then spying a little house squatting a short distance back from the road, he said: "We'd better try yonder. If they turn us down we'll have to take to the brush."

O'Malley agreed. "Yes, and we have no time to lose. That horseman is going to rouse the town. I'm afraid we're—in for it."

Dave nodded silently.

Leaving the beaten path, the refugees threaded their way through cactus and sace to a gate, entering which they approached the straw-thatched jacal they had seen. A naked boy baby watched them draw near, then scuttled for shelter, piping an alarm. A man appeared from somewhere, at sight of whom the priest rode forward with a pleasant greeting. But the fellow was unfriendly. His wife, too, emerged from the dwelling and joined her husband in warning Father O'Malley away.

"Let me try," Alaire begged, and spurred her horse up to the group. She smiled down at the country people, saying: "We have traveled a long way, and we're tired and hungry. Won't you give us something to eat? We'll pay you well for your trouble."

The man demurred sullenly, and began a refusal; but his wife, after a wondering scrutiny, interrupted him with a cry. Rushing forward, she took the edge of Alaire's skirt in her hands and kissed it.

"God be praised! A miracle!" she exclaimed. "Juan, don't you see? It is the beautiful senora for whom we pray every night of our lives. On your knees, shameless one! It is she who delivered you from the prison."

Juan stared incredulously, then his face changed; his teeth flashed in a smile; and, sweeping his hat from his head, he, too, approached Alaire.

"It is! Senora, I am Juan Garcia, whom you saved, and this is Inez," he declared. "Heaven bless you and forgive me."

"Now I know you," Alaire laughed, and slipped down from her saddle. "This is a happy meeting. So! You live here, and that was little Juan who ran away as if we were going to eat him. Well, we are hungry, but not hungry enough to devour Juanito."

Turning to her companions, she explained the circumstances of her first meeting with these good people, and as she talked the Garcias broke in joyfully, adding their own account of her goodness.

"We've fallen among friends," Alaire told Dave and Father O'Malley. "They will let us rest here, I am sure."

Husband and wife agreed in one voice. In fact, they were overjoyed at an opportunity of serving her; and little Juan, his suspicions partially allayed, issued from hiding and ventured forward to take part in the welcome.

Shamefacedly the elder Garcia explained his inhospitable reception of the travelers. "We hear the gringos are coming to kill us and take our farms. Everybody is badly frightened. We are driving our herds away and hiding what we can. Yesterday at the big Obispo ranch our people shot two Americans and burned some of their houses. They intend to kill all the Americans they find, so you'd better be careful. Just now a fellow rode up shouting that you were coming, but of course I didn't know—"

"Yes, of course. We're trying to reach the border," Father O'Malley told him. "Will you hide us here until we can go on?"

Juan curtsied respectfully to the priest. "My house is yours, father."

"Can you take care of our horses, too, and give us a place to sleep?" Dave asked. His eyes were heavy; he had been almost constantly in the saddle since leaving Jonesville, and now could hardly keep himself awake.

"Trust me," the Mexican assured them, confidently. "If somebody comes I'll send them away. Oh, I can lie with the best of them."

The Garcias were not ordinary people, and they lived in rather good circumstances for country folk. There were three rooms to their little house, all of which were reasonably clean. The food that Inez set before her guests, too, was excellent if scanty.

Juanito, taking one from his parents, flung himself whole-heartedly into the task of entertainment, and since Alaire met his advances half-way he began, before long, to look upon her with particular favor. Once they had thoroughly made friends, he showered her with the most flattering attentions. His shyness, it seemed, was but a pretense—at heart he was a bold and enterprising fellow—and so, as a mark of his admiration, he presented her with all his personal treasures. First he fetched and laid in her lap a cigar-box wagon with wooden wheels—evidently the handiwork of his father. Then he gave her, one by one, a highly prized blue bottle, a rusty Mexican spur, and the ruins of what had been a splendid clasp-knife. There were no blades in the knife, but he showed her how to peep through a tiny hole in the handle, where was concealed the picture of a dashing Spanish bull-fighter. The appreciation which these gifts evoked intoxicated the little man and roused him to a very madness of generosity. He pattered away and returned shortly, staggering and grunting under the weight of another and a still greater offering. It was a dog—a patient, hungry dog with very little hair. The animal was alive with fleas—it scratched absent-mindedly with one hind paw, even while Juanito strangled it against his naked breast—but it was the apple of its owner's eye, and when Inez unfeelingly banished it from the house Juanito began to squall lustily. Nor could he be conciliated until Alaire took him upon her knee and told him about another boy, of precisely his own age and size, who planted a magic bean in his mother's dooryard, which grew up and up until it reached clear to the sky, where a giant lived. Juanito Garcia had never heard the like. He was spellbound with delight; he held his breath in ecstasy; only his toes moved, and they wriggled like ten fat, brown tadpoles.

In the midst of this recital Garcia senior appeared in the door with a warning.

"Conceal yourselves," he said, quickly. "Some of our neighbors are coming this way." Inez led her guests into the bedchamber, a bare room with a dirt floor, from the window of which they watched Juan go to meet a group of horsemen. Inez went out, too, and joined in the parley. Then, after a time, the riders galloped away.

When Alaire, having watched the party out of sight, turned from the window she found that Dave had collapsed upon a chair and was sleeping, his limbs relaxed, his body sagging.

"Poor fellow, he's done up," Father O'Malley exclaimed.

"Yes; he hasn't slept for days," she whispered. "Help me." With the assistance of Dolores they succeeded in lifting Dave to the bed, but he half roused himself. "Lie down, dear," Alaire told him. "Close your eyes for a few minutes. We're safe now."

"Somebody has to keep watch," he muttered, thickly, and tried to fight off his fatigue. But he was like a drunken man.

"I'm not sleepy; I'll stand guard," the priest volunteered, and, disregarding further protest, he helped Alaire remove Dave's coat.

Seeing that the bed was nothing more than a board platform covered with straw matting, Alaire folded the garment for a pillow; as she did so a handful of soiled, frayed letters spilled out upon the floor.

"Rest now, while you have a chance," she begged of her husband. "Just for a little while."

"All right," he agreed. "Call me in

Continued on page three.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

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Provincetown—7.00 a. m.

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HEART OF THE SUNSET

Continued from page 2.

—an hour. Couldn't sleep—wasn't time." He shook off his weariness and smiled at his wife, while his eyes filled with some emotion. "There is something I ought to tell you, but—I can't now—not now. Too sleepy." His head drooped again; she forced him back; he stretched himself out with a sigh, and was asleep almost instantly.

Alaire motioned the others out of the room, then stood looking down at the man into whose keeping she had given her life. As she looked her face became radiant. Dave was unkempt, unshaven, dirty, but to her he was of a godlike beauty, and the knowledge that he was hers to comfort and guard was strangely thrilling. Her love for Ed, even that first love of her girlhood, had been nothing like this. How could it have been like this? she asked herself. How could she have loved deeply when, at the time, her own nature lacked depth? Experience had broadened her, and suffering had uncovered depths in her being which nothing else had had the power to uncover. Stooping, she kissed Dave softly, then let her cheek rest against his. Her man! Her man! She found herself whispering the words.

For a long time she sat gazing at him tenderly; then she tiptoed out and delighted the naked Garcia baby by taking him in her arms and hugging him. Inez thought the beautiful senora's voice was like the music of birds.

It was growing dark when Dave was awakened by cool hands upon his face and by soft lips upon his. He opened his eyes to find Alaire bending over him.

"You must get up," she smiled. "It is nearly time to go, and Inez is cooking our supper."

He reached up and took her in his arms. She lay upon his breast, thrilling happily with her nearness to him, and they remained so for a while, whispering now and then, trying ineffectually to voice the thoughts that needed no expression.

"Why did you let me sleep so long?" he asked her, reproachfully.

"Oh, I've been napping there in that chair, where I could keep one eye on you. I'm terribly selfish; I can't bear to lose one minute." After a while she said: "I've made a discovery. Father O'Malley snores dreadfully! Juanito never heard anything like it, and it frightened him nearly to death. He says the father must be a very fierce man to growl so loudly. He says, too, that he likes me much better than his mother."

It seemed to Dave that the bliss of this awakening and the sweet intimacy of this one moment more rewarded him for all he had gone through.

"I've been busy, too," she was saying. "I sent Juan to the village to learn the news, and it's not very nice. It's good we stopped here. He says Nuevo Pueblo has been destroyed, and the federal forces are all moving south, away from the border. So our troubles aren't over yet. We must reach the river tonight."

"Yes, by all means."

"Juan is going with us as guide."

"You arranged everything while I snoozed, eh? I'm ashamed of myself."

Alaire nodded, then pretended to frown darkly. "You ought to be," she told him.

"My wife!" He laid his lips against her hair.

They were standing beside the window, speechless, oblivious to all except their great love, when Dolores entered to tell them that supper was ready and that the horses were saddled.

To be continued

THE STOCKMAN.

Young pigs should not run in heavy pastures when the dew is on the grass.

Hoofs of colts should be trimmed in case they become crooked or larger on one side than on the other. If they are neglected the hoof may crack, and lameness will result.

One way of making the lambs better than the ewes is to have a good buck. Secure him early and keep him until the breeding season comes on.

The proof of a sire, whether he is a stallion, bull, boar or buck, is in his get.

The lambs should have a bit more grain now if they are to be marketed this fall.

There is every reason to believe that the present level of prices for live stock will continue for some time.

Cheap and Good Foods.

Some of the best foods are the cheapest. There are carrots, salsify, parsnips, lettuce and such stuff. Carrots have the rarest combination of food qualities of anything that grows. It is so healthful that it is said a steady diet of it will cure many distempers. Parsnips are cheap, good, wholesome. Anybody who doesn't like the taste of a parsnip has his palate put in wrong. Lettuce is cheap, and a lettuce sandwich is royal food. Any one who starves while these things are on the market, to be bought for a few cents, has not much of a claim on life. There is more health in them than in porterhouse steaks or oyster cocktails. Some people affect to think they are a low brow food, but it might be said in retort that they are low browed people who think so.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

His Attraction.

He—You used to say there was something about me you liked. She—So I did. But you've spent it all.—Minnehaha.

Oh, what men dare do, what men may do, what men daily do, not knowing what they do!—Shakespeare.

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

(Continued from page 7)

bulance. We found that they had some spare stretchers, so we decided to stay there. The officer's servant carried stretchers in for all of us, and after having something to eat we went right to sleep, as we were tired out.

I don't believe we had been asleep more than an hour when a shell landed in that field ambulance! It tore through the roof and burst in the room next to us, killing and wounding eighteen men who had already been wounded once. I got up in a hurry, but found that the officer was before me, and when I reached the car he was making himself comfortable in the tonneau. I took my waterproof sheet and blankets and made myself a bed on the cobblestones under the car. I slept like a log until it began to rain, and then I got up in disgust and sat up the rest of the night in the driving seat.

The next day we stopped in a little village called Pradelles, the place where the Germans had stood a priest up against the wall of his own church and shot him because he wouldn't give them the information they wanted.

Across from this church was a little "estaminet," where I went to buy a bottle of wine to have with my dinner. You can imagine my surprise when the Frenchwoman in charge called me an "English pig" and said that she would sell nothing to the English. I told her what I thought of her, and she told me what she thought of me.

She said the English were thieves, murderers and other nice things and informed me also that the only true gentlemen in the world were the Prussians. She certainly had me aroused, and I was going to arrest every one I could find in the house until her daughter came in.

She saw at once how things were and led the old lady upstairs and then explained that the Germans had taken her two youngest sisters away and that since that time her mother had been insane.

It was outside of Pradelles that we ran into the Germans. We had a long distance scrap. We were not strong, and we didn't know how strong they were, so we were not pressing them very hard until some reinforcements came up. I think they were in the same position, for they didn't try to get to close quarters. So we kept at it all afternoon until at night the Germans retired, and we camped a little farther on and waited for our main body to come up. Our casualties numbered only about twenty dead, and we buried them in the churchyard before we left.

I passed through Pradelles about two months later, and I went into the churchyard where those chaps were buried. The people of the village have set little white crosses at the head of each grave. On each cross are the name, number and regiment of the soldier lying below, and under that is "Mort de la Champ d'Honneur." It was a most thoughtful thing for those poor peasants to do.

It was in a village called Outrasteene, quite near Pradelles, that I first saw the Prince of Wales. He was with Sir John French, and they were reviewing a brigade that hadn't been in the country very long. He is a nice looking fellow, but very boyish in appearance. He is liked by the men and quite often will go and sit among them and talk to them.

Soon after this I received orders to prepare for a two day journey in the car. I didn't know where I was to go until the night before I was to start,

The Prince of Wales, With Sir John French, Reviewing a Brigade.

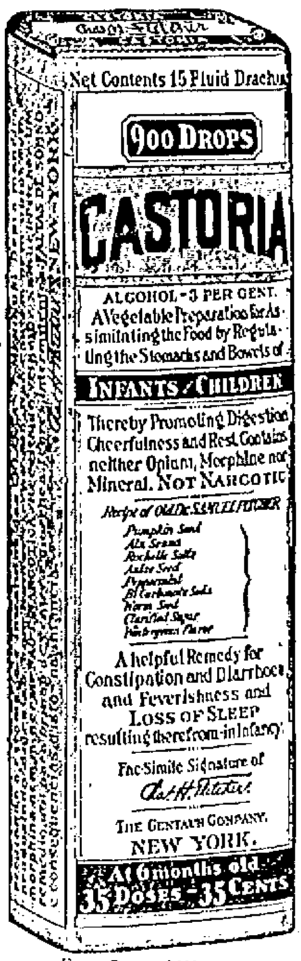
and then I was told that I was to go to Paris to get an officer who was waiting for me there. Of course I was delighted, for I hadn't been in any large city for a long time.

Paris is more than 200 miles from where we were then, and my orders were to make it in one day. While it was a long journey, I felt that it would be well worth it, so I set out with a light heart. At Lillers I hit the main Paris road, and it was glorious. There is no speed limit for a dispatch car, and you bet I was flying my blue and white flag that day. Straight down through St. Venant, St. Pol, Doullens and Amiens I flew, and about 6:30 I came to the outskirts of Paris. I was surprised on entering the capital to find so few British soldiers. I knew that we had several permanent bases in the vicinity, and I expected to find the place swarming with Tommies.

(To be Continued.)

Daily Optimistic Thought.

No man will excel in his profession if he thinks himself above it.



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Americans Under Fire

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Up through Pennsylvania, in the early summer of 1863, marched a Confederate army, about 76,000 strong, to strike at the very heart of its enemies' territory.

Until then, for the most part, the Civil War had been fought on Confederate soil—and, for the most part, it had been marked by Confederate victories and Union blunders. Now, the greatest Confederate general, Lee, had slipped past his Union foes, in Virginia, and was invading the north. Should the invasion succeed it would mean everything to the Confederacy. New York itself might be seized. Southern officers boasted they would "stable their horses in Boston's Faneuil Hall."

The invading army moved north in several divisions, easily brushing aside such Union troops as tried to check its advance.

The various divisions came together at Gettysburg, Pa. There, such Union regiments as could be rushed to the spot—a large part of them militia—were drawn up to meet the invaders. And thither, by forced marches, was rushed the north's finest body of fighting men—the veteran army of the Potomac.

This army was not able to reach Gettysburg until the morning of July 2, and on the morning of July 1 the battle had begun, the battle which was the turning point of the whole Civil war.

On the first day the Confederates drove the Union forces back through Gettysburg, in retreat, to a rise of ground called Cemetery ridge. There the Union army took up so strong a position that Lee made no general attempt that day to dislodge it.

When the Confederates attacked, next morning, a gasp of wonder went up from the ranks. For, in place of the pallid militiamen of the day before, they now saw the bronzed faces of the army of the Potomac!

All day the fight raged, bloodily, and with varying fortunes. The Union general, Meade, had established his left center on Cemetery ridge. The main body of Lee's army was massed on and around Seminary hill, less than a mile to the west. The open ground between was a veritable valley of death.

Across this open ground, on July 3, Lee hurled 14,000 men, under Generals Pickett and Pettigrew, for a charge upon his opponents' strongest position. This is no place nor time to rehash the old question as to whether Pickett's charge was wisely planned and badly supported, or whether it was a desperate last resort of the checkmated Lee.

To prepare for it, Lee turned a 135-gun battery against Cemetery ridge. The Federals replied with an 85-gun battery. For two hours a murderous artillery duel was waged. Finally, to cool their red-hot cannon, the Union batteries slackened fire. This was Lee's signal to launch Pickett's 14,000 men at Cemetery ridge.

Scarce had the 14,000 started across the cleared space when the Union batteries opened fire on them. From the fortified hillock of Round Top a deadly cross-fire was directed against the charging Confederates. Pickett and his men rushed on, unhindered by the hail of artillery that mowed down hundreds of them. Then they came within range of the Union infantry. And a rifle fusillade tore into their fast-thinning ranks.

The southern general, Armistead, in the forefront of the attack, broke through the Union line with about one hundred men and seized a cannon. A minute later he was killed, and all his hundred followers were down.

Up against the Union line dashed Pickett's charge—only to reel back beaten and shattered. Pickett was the only general officer in all that assault who came out of it alive.

As the battle of Gettysburg was the Civil war's turning point, so was Pickett's charge the turning point of the battle of Gettysburg. Back fled Lee's army to the Potomac river—the invasion having been a hideous costly failure. But for a blunder on Meade's part, in neglecting to follow up his beaten foes, the retreat might well have become a surrender.

As it was, the Confederate loss in dead and wounded was about 30,000 to about 23,000 Union soldiers. Lee also left behind him nearly 14,000 prisoners.

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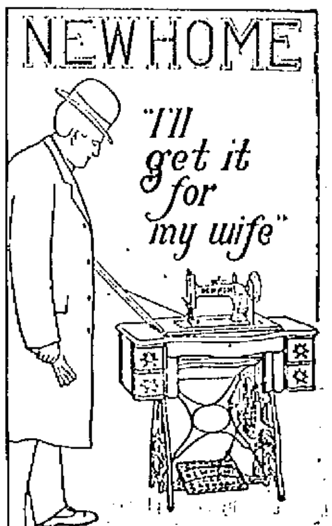

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, October 6, 1917

The expulsion of La Follette from the United States Senate, for treason, is being demanded from many quarters.

Congress expects to adjourn today. Many thanks. Unfortunately this same Congress will come together again in about two months.

The war tax bill has been signed by the President and is now a law. Hereafter people will be taxed for everything.

Although the war revenue bill has passed, the new postal rates on second class mail matter, newspapers etc, does not go into effect until next July. The postmaster general proposes to have Congress modify that rate this winter.

Great Britain as well as the United States has put an embargo on all exports to neutral nations that were supplying Germany with the necessaries of life and sinews of war. This should have been done two years ago.

Lord Northcliffe says "the only way to deal effectively with the German raids on England is to do as the French are doing—give them bomb for bomb." In this he is quite correct. The war has reached a point where reprisals of every kind are permissable.

The United States destroyers will in a brief space of time surpass the world in numbers and importance. It is said to be now certain that all destroyers now building will be delivered ready for duty in European waters early next year. Many of them had not been expected until the winter of 1918. Approximately ten months has been saved.

The I. W. W. is at war with the constituted authorities of the land, and one hundred thousand of the adherents are seeking to control our industries and the labor on our farms in four of the northwestern states, Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho. It is time that drastic steps were taken to crush out this treasonable organization.

The Japanese Mission to the United States has accomplished much towards cementing the friendship between the two great nations. Some of the things actually accomplished are: An understanding as to the naval patrol of the Pacific by Japanese warships, thus relieving American ships for service in the Atlantic; important exchanges of view on commercial co-operation that will be of benefit to the United States, not only during the present war, but in post-bellum years, and a removal of the prime misunderstanding between the United States and Japan about the latter's policy toward China. So pleased are officials of the Government and close observers of Far Eastern affairs that it is no exaggeration to say that, by a single stroke, Japan has won the friendship of the United States; and this Government, on the other hand, has insured the co-operation of Japan and the stability of Far Eastern politics so that the full power and might of the United States and her Allies can be concentrated against Germany without the slightest worry about the Far East.

The New Tax Law

The new tax law went into existence Oct. 4, and all taxes date from that time except extra postage of one cent on letters and post cards, which go into effect Nov. 4. All stamp taxes, including those on parcel post packages, become effective Dec. 1.

Amusement admissions and taxes on club dues go into effect Nov. 1, as do taxes on freight and passenger transportation, sleeping car, drawing-room and steamship berths, pipe line transportation, insurance policies and telegraph and telephone messages, costing 15 cents or more.

The Farm Bureau.

Tuesday the three boys who attained the three highest places in the boy's judging contest at the "Newport County Fair" were taken by County Agent Lloyd to the Brockton Fair. The boys were Robert Peckham of Middletown, Bernard Peckham of Little Compton, and George Wood of Tiverton. At the Brockton Fair these boys competed with the six other boys from the Kingston and Scituate Fairs. The winners were Simon Kenyon, Howard Kenyon and George Wood, these three boys go to the Eastern Exposition at Springfield, Oct. 18, where they judge in competition with teams from other states.

The Exposition pays the expenses of these boys and it is felt that it will be a fine and instructive trip for them.

The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the "Newport County Farm Bureau" was held in the County Agent's Office, Wednesday evening, Oct. 3rd. The regular business of the committee was taken up and the monthly report of the County Agent was given and it showed for September that 20 part days were spent in office, 36 part days were spent in field, 57 letters were written, 202 circular letters were mailed, 54 office calls were made, and 54 farm visits were made.

At the meeting a permanent home economic demonstrator who would receive salary from the Government, State and County, was considered. This Home Demonstrator would be different from Miss Hoxie in that she will be here for a permanent thing, whereas Miss Hoxie is here only for the duration of the war.

It was decided at the meeting to hold meetings in Newport, Portsmouth, Tiverton and Little Compton during November, in order to bring before the people of these towns the workings of the Farm Bureau and give instructive and enjoyable evenings.

Extension Work.

The recent passage of the Food Conservation Bill has enabled the Extension Department of the Rhode Island State College, co operating with the Government, to increase its force of women workers in the State. Hitherto there was but one worker in the R. I. State College Home Economics Extension work for the whole state. There is now one worker assigned to each county and there will be a great many more people reached, housewives and others who are interested in economical ways of living, through this increase.

The women workers in each county are to be connected with the Farm Bureau in that county. The work for the coming winter will be planned to help the women in any problems which they may meet, in any phase of their home management. Probably the greatest difficulty the average housewife will have this winter, will be the economical planning of meals and how to substitute what she can use, for what high prices and patriotism tells her she can not use. For this reason the Home Economics Extension worker in each county, plans to carry out her work, for the most part, by conducting classes in the study of foods.

The work in Newport County is to be conducted by Miss Annie S. Hoxie, who may be reached at the Newport County Farm Bureau, Exchange Bank Building, Meeting street. It is desired that any one interested in the formation of a class anywhere in Newport County, or who may wish help of any kind will call in person, write or communicate by telephone at the above address.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

Some of the Romanoffs have turned to farming, astronomy, aeronautics, viniculture and the writing of memoirs and history as means of occupying their time while in semi-imprisonment in the Crimea.

The former Dowager Empress Marie, mother of Nicholas II, resides at Ai-Todor, near Yalta, and there engages in tilling the soil. With her is her son-in-law, the former Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, and his wife, the former Grand Duchess Xenia, and their children. The duke studies the stars and aeronautical science and grows grapes for wine. For a time he pursued archaeological research, for which Crimea is a fertile field, but the authorities later forbade this, suspecting some untoward but unexplained purpose in his explorations and excavations.

The former Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, who was once commander-in-chief of the army on the southern front, lives on his wife's estate at Tchapri, also near Yalta. He is writing memoirs intended to be preserved in the Academy of Sciences and published after his death. He is engaged also on a monograph, "Who is Really Responsible for the World War?" which will appear in an historical review.

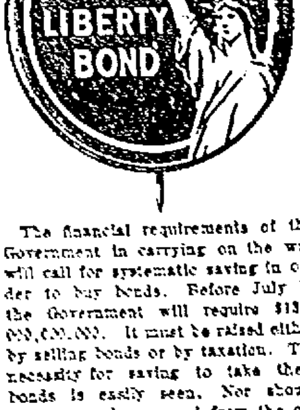
None of the Romanoffs in Crimea is allowed to go outside a so-called neutral zone, which is guarded by military patrols. Their correspondence is examined by a censor. Their food rations are the same as those enjoyed by ordinary citizens, with their requests denied when they ask for more than the card system permits. As an illustration, the dowager empress was unable to obtain 120 pounds of sugar for the making of jam.

Recently the dowager empress was permitted to go as far as Livadia, where Nicholas' former residence is now being used as a military hospital. This building contains dozens of secret passages and masked wall cupboards. All of these have been sealed. The visitor was denied admission to the rooms which were her son's private quarters.

LIBERTY LOAN BADGE OF HONOR

The Second Liberty Loan of 1917 has a new button to distinguish the buyers of the Bond. The Government calls it a Badge of Honor.

In the first loan nearly a million buyers of bonds in New England received buttons but there was great delay in their delivery. The buttons to be given to buyers of the Second Loan bonds have already been shipped to the banks and the bond buyer can get his button when he buys his bond.



The financial requirements of the Government in carrying on the war will call for systematic saving in order to buy bonds. Before July 1, the Government will require $13,-000,000,000. It must be raised either by selling bonds or by taxation. The necessity for saving to take these bonds is easily seen. Nor should any person be excused from the obligation. It is not to be a question of choice but of necessity. The Government can draft money as well as men if it has to, but if the people purchase Liberty Bonds it will not have to put taxes to the conscription point.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Miss Kate L. Durfee and Mrs. Edwin Cleveland of Fall River are guests for a fortnight of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton of Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. Everett P. Smith and her two daughters, Dorothy and Cornelia, left Wednesday to go to Spokane, Washington, where they will visit the former's father, Mr. J. P. Richards, for three months. Rev. Mr. Smith will close St. Mary's Rectory during their absence and will make his home in Newport the greater part of the time.

Mrs. Eunice Chase celebrated her 27th anniversary as organist at Holy Cross Chapel. During that time she has rarely missed attending service.

Elmer R. Coggeshall, formerly of this town, died at Wallum Lake Sunday evening. Mr. Coggeshall had been at the sanitarium there for about a year and during the summer was able to visit his family here. During the past week he failed rapidly and his death was not unexpected. He was the son of the late E. Alten and Kate (Peckham) Coggeshall and spent the greater part of his life here, being engaged in painting carriages. Later he moved to Newport and became an interior decorator. He is survived by a widow and one son, Edward A. Coggeshall, both of this town. The interment was in Middletown. Mr. Coggeshall was a member of the Order of Moose.

Mr. George Gibson burned his hands severely when a blow-pipe exploded at the Torpedo Station recently.

Mrs. M. F. Taylor and Mrs. Charles E. Child, of Providence, who have been guests for a week of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony, have gone to Warren to visit Mrs. Child's son, Daniel H. Child, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Child and their daughters Louise and Harriet, of Providence, Mrs. Bryer Wall and her sons Bryer and Roger, of Porto Rico, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

There was a serious automobile accident at the head of Park avenue Sunday morning, when the machine occupied by James Sullivan and Frederick Albro of Newport failed to make the corner and turned over, pinning both men down. Another automobile came along soon and took the injured men to Newport, where they are now in the hospital.

The body of Bertha Faulkner Tilley, wife of Robert Tilley, was brought here for burial on Tuesday. Mrs. Tilley was taken ill and died very suddenly. She was the daughter of Wm. H. and Eliza Faulkner.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal church when the annual business meeting and election of officers were held, with the following results:

President—Mrs. Emeline Wilcox.
1st Vice President—Mrs. Charles Borden.
2d Vice President—Mrs. A. Fremont Grinnell.
3d Vice President—Mrs. Annie Tucker.
Secretary—Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.
Treasurer—Mrs. John R. Lowden.
Board of Managers—Mrs. Charles Borden, Mrs. Wm. C. Dennis, Mrs. Edward Macomber, Mrs. Annie Dennis, Mrs. Leander Coggeshall, Miss Edna M. Brophy.
Purchasing Committee—Mrs. Charles Borden, Miss Edna M. Brophy, Mrs. Abby Manchester, Mrs. Annie Dennis, and Mrs. A. Fremont Grinnell.
Flower Committee—Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

Capt. M. M. Van Beuren will entertain Middletown Constabulary and Portsmouth Constabulary at the Clambake Club Oct. 8th.

At the regular drill of Portsmouth Constabulary on Monday evening, the members presented their captain, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, with a handsome sword and scabbard. Rev. Robert L. Downing, color sergeant, made the presentation. There were several guests present.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Anthony, was seriously burned with a lamp on Sunday evening. A physician treated the wounds, but it is feared that skin may have to be grafted.

Mr. A. Frank Sisson of Boston is visiting his sister, Mrs. George A. Faulkner, of Power street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Brown are entertaining Mr. Wm. Butler of California.

Messrs. Ernest Cross, Samuel Hairs and Manuel Goulatte left this week for Camp Devens. Mr. Cross received many gifts from his associates in the office of the American Printing Co. of Fall River. The Epworth League of this town presented him with $10 in gold.

Clifton Holman, Jr., was badly hurt on Saturday. He was riding on the engine to the threshing machine belonging to Mr. W. A. S. Cummings when the horses became frightened and ran away. The child was thrown off and dragged quite a distance and the machine was stopped just in time to prevent the wheels from going over his chest. A physician was called at once and the wounds treated. There were severe bruises and cuts and the collar-bone was broken.

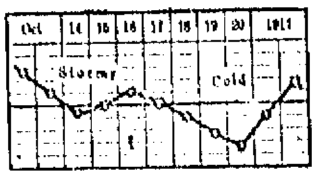
Miss Carolyn D. Anthony sang at the Sunday evening service at the Drexel hut at the Training Station this week.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson died at the summer home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Cram, near the East shore on Sunday after a long illness. She is survived by a son of Holly, Maine, and by her daughter with whom she made her home. Their winters were spent in Cambridge, Mass., but for many years they had spent the summer season here. Mrs. Thompson had suffered for a long time with a painful illness, but through it all she had ever been patient and thoughtful for others. The funeral services were held at her late home on Wednesday. Rev. W. W. Macnair of Cambridge and Rev. A. Edward Kelsey, pastor of the Friends' church, conducted the services. Miss Carolyn D. Anthony and Mrs. Clifton T. Holman sang two favorite hymns. The interment was beside her husband in Middleboro, Mass., her former home.

Mrs. George A. Faulkner entertained a party of relatives at her home on Power street on Wednesday. The guests were Mrs. Perry G. Randall, Mrs. W. W. Anthony, Mrs. Wm. F. Brayton, Mrs. Wm. F. Freeborn, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. Almina Tallman, Mrs. David B. Anthony, Mrs. Arthur Smith, of this town, and Mrs. James K. Tallman and Miss Rachel Tallman, of Fall River, and Mrs. A. Frank Sisson of Boston.

Mrs. Maud Dale, who has been spending several weeks with relatives in New York and Delaware, has returned home.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



The heavy horizontal line represents the normal of temperature. The zigzag line is the predicted movement of temperatures up and down. Dates at the top are for their time at meridian 90. If you are east of that line these weather features should reach you one or two days later; if west of it one to three days earlier. Meridian 90 is near the Mississippi River. Newport is many degrees east and the weather prediction will apply here two days later.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Oct. 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. This will bring warmer than usual, the storms will be of greater than usual intensity; more than usual precipitation is expected on northern Pacific slope and in large sections east of Rockies. Two cold waves, each bringing frosts, are due to reach meridian 90, moving southeastward, one near October 14 and one near 20, but, while one of them will be unusually severe, we can not now determine which, but would select Oct. 20 as the extreme.

We desire to do all we can for subscribers to this paper and those of them who are considerably interested in anything that might be affected by severe, sudden or slow changes in the weather, may write us, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. We watch the weather of the whole continent carefully, every day, and frequently send out telegrams giving warnings of important weather events which we have not been able to get into these weather bulletins. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about Oct. 14 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of Oct. 15, plains sections 16, meridian 90, great lakes and Ohio valleys Oct. 17, eastern sections 18, reaching vicinity of New Foundland about Oct. 19. Storm wave will follow about one day behind warm wave and cool wave about one day behind storm wave.

These two storms will be of unusual importance, because of the cotton and late corn crops. One of the cold waves mentioned above will finish the life of the late growing corn crop and will also enter the cotton belt. At this time we cannot give a more detailed forecast.

October has been, in a general way, calculated to average a little warmer than usual and the cropweather of the month to be favorable to maturing and harvesting. The trends of average temperatures were calculated to be—as they cross meridian 90 moving eastward—high near Sept. 28, low for the week centering on Oct. 4, high for the week centering on Oct. 12, low for the week centering on Oct. 19, high for the week centering on Oct. 28 and low for the week centering on Nov. 1.

The most severe storms of October were expected to occur near 15 and 30. These severe storms cause the precipitation, sometimes thousands of miles away from the storm center. We warn all to be on guard for the very severe storms near Oct. 30 and the severe cold wave, frosts and blizzard that will be its rear guard. These rear guards, both in weather matters and in military affairs, are not pleasant things to deal with. The writer has had experience with both.

The U. S. Weather Bureau gets out of its element when it devotes columns of editorials denying that the moon has effects on our weather and upon vegetation. Official science is a greater hindrance to the advance of science than were the Rockies to the westward march of the railroads. They occupy the place of the traditional dog in the manger that would neither eat the hay nor let the cow eat it. The Moon is a great magnet and affects the Earth thru magnetism, not thru light.

Buying or Selling.

Those interested in buying or selling grain, cotton or seeds may learn how to use Foster's Cropweather Forecasts as an aid. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, OCTOBER, 1917.

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	Water Eve
6 Sat	5 17	5 32	9 30	11 20	
7 Sun	5 45	5 17	4 31	12 10	12 40
8 Mon	5 10	5 16	11 47	1 14	1 45
9 Tues	5 51	5 11	morn	2 19	2 42
10 Wed	5 52	5 12	12 31	3 15	3 31
11 Thur	5 53	5 11	1 31	4 02	4 21
12 Fri	5 34	5 09	2 53	4 49	5 04

Moon's last qr. Oct. 7 — 5. 4m. Evening
New Moon Oct. 15 — 9 41m. Evening
First qr. Oct. 23 — 9.55m. Morning
Full Moon Oct. 30 — 1.19m. Morning

Deaths.

In this city, 29th ult., Josephine, wife of Joseph Robinson, aged 74 years.

In this city, 2d inst., Augusta D., widow of George L. Spencer.

In Wallum Lake, 30th, Elmer R. Coggeshall, in his 49th year.

In Arlington, N. J., Oct. 3, Dorothy, daughter of Sarah Peckham and John H. De Kinchy, in the 16th year of her age.

In Bristol, 3d inst., Clark Davis Crandall, aged 91 years.

In Providence, 30th ult., Sarah Francis Slocum, in her 84th year.

In Providence, 2d inst., Harriet R., wife of Stephen W. Snow, in her 85th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal states and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country place.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Newport County Farm Bureau opened an office on Meeting Street in the Exchange Bank Building, July 2.

Office hours 8 to 10.30 every day, 7.30 to 12 m. Saturdays.

MAKE US A VISIT TEL. 3476

"Let your Farm Bureau Help You."

NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS

Brief Items From Various Sections of New England

The Gurney primary school, Whitman, Mass., was practically destroyed by fire. The loss is $6000.

Fifteen freight cars were derailed and piled up in a heap at Berkshire Junction, Conn., caused by the breaking of an arch bar on a car.

Postmaster Costello of Springfield, Mass., announced his intention of meeting the labor shortage problem by appointment of women clerks.

The Massachusetts state conference of bricklayers, masons and plasterers elected Michael F. Baller of Holyoke president.

A wage increase of 10 percent in the woolen mills will benefit 25,000 operatives at Lawrence, Mass.

Fish handlers employed on the Boston fish pier have obtained a charter from the A. F. of L. and have formed a union.

The food administration appointed as merchant representative, to assist the state food administrator in dealing with retail prices, F. D. Abernethy of Burlington, Vt.

While on his way from the railroad station to his home at Winchester, Mass., William D. Richards, 68, well known in the steel business in Boston, was stricken with apoplexy and died.

Thomas J. Abernethy of West Pembroke, Me., whom the late Prof. Muensterberg found to be mentally perfect, is one of the New England candidates selected for instruction as aviators.

More than 300 employes of the white room in the dye department of the Pacific print works, Lawrence, Mass., went on strike after their demand for an increase in wages had been refused.

William K. Bryant of Pembroke, Mass., was given a decree nisi from his wife, Rhoda Bryant, for desertion. Bryant is a Civil war veteran, nearly 80 years old.

Mrs. Alma S. Wilmarth, 60, of Boston was killed at Andover, Mass., by a jitney loaded with soldiers going from the Boxford camp ground to Lawrence.

Orlando K. Frost was re-elected president of the United Baptist convention of Maine at its annual session.

Lieutenant George P. Howe, attached to the medical corps of the Tenth battalion, Royal Fusiliers, prominent Boston physician, explorer, clubman and student of military affairs, was killed in action in the French trenches.

Junius Beebe, who recently gave the town of Wakefield, Mass., $60,-000 for a new public library, deposited the money in a bank and the library will have the additional benefit of the interest until the town is ready to build.

Miss Emma LeClair obtained from Gen. Ames, commander of the Massachusetts state guard, an informal commission to recruit and train a company of girls in Lowell, as the A company of the first regiment of women.

Shipping is warned that the wreck of the six-masted schooner Alice M. Lawrence on Tuckernuck shoal, off Nantucket, Mass., is dangerous.

Narcotic drugs, the retail value of which is said to be between $30,000 and $40,000, were stolen from Gilman Bros., Inc., Boston, wholesale dealers in drugs.

Superintendent Hobbs of the Boston division of the New Haven road has been transferred to New Haven to solve traffic problems.

A marriage license was issued at Cambridge, Mass., on behalf of Rev. Edward M. Gushee, 51, who is seriously ill, and Miss Ida O. Davis, 51, his housekeeper since the death of his wife two years ago.

Thomas Cosgrove, a stableman, was tossed by an angry bull at the Brockton, Mass., fair grounds and died of his injuries.

The first fatal football accident of the season in Greater Boston occurred at Cambridge, when Francis Burns died as the result of a broken neck, which was caused by running into another player.

Dr. Moses G. Parker, 75, one of the largest owners of stock in the New England Telephone and Telegraph company, of which he was a director and member of its executive committee, died at Lowell, Mass.

The sum of $10,000 is sought by Mrs. Margaret A. Merriam of Quincy, Mass., from the New England Telephone and Telegraph company for alleged injuries by shock while using her telephone.

Mrs. Frank T. Lewis and Mrs. Herman A. Smith, sisters, were killed when a passenger train struck their carriage on a railroad crossing at Nashua, N. H.

Francis J. Frazer, 15, of Arlington, Mass., died from injuries received when his bicycle skidded, throwing him under an automobile truck.

George W. Raymond, 70, station agent at Dedham, Mass., was struck and killed by a train.

Holyoke House, and part of Dana Hall, have been turned over to the government by Harvard University.

Six more prisoners from the Massachusetts state prison went to work on the state road at Rutland. There are twenty-five now from the prison at work on the road.

Thomas C. Jeffers, postmaster at Gay Head, Mass., was indicted by a federal grand jury on the charge of embezzlement of government funds.

A terrific explosion, the cause of which has not been ascertained, tore from its foundations a shanty at Lowell, Mass., used by the Boston and Maine railroad as a checker's office, and hurled it across lots into a canal.

The open season for hunting deer in eight Maine counties has begun, and will continue to Dec. 15. Deer may be killed in the other eight counties of the state only in November.

Boston is one of ten cities to show a gain in postal savings of more than $80,000 during the month of August, with deposits of $3,005,784.

John H. Bisbee of Quincy was elected president of the Massachusetts Young People's Christian Union at the annual meeting.

New Hampshire celebrated "Good Roads" day, the newest addition to the semi-official holidays of the Granite state.

Liquor has been smuggled into the cantonment at Ayer, Mass., in watermelons and small flasks have been concealed in loaves of bread.

Plans are under way for the construction of a ship building plant at Boston on the Mystic river on the site of the famous old ways, where the first Mystic launching took place in 1631.

Naval officials at Boston announced that hundreds of men between the ages of 18 and 45 are wanted for general service in the navy.

Ninety people, most of them women, are seriously ill with typhoid fever at the state infirmary at Tewksbury, Mass.

George Farrah, a Salem, N. H., farmer, was killed in a runaway when his horse shied at an automobile.

While walking with her husband at Dedham, Mass., Mrs. Minnie Bass was struck and killed by an automobile.

Search for a band of robbers, believed by the authorities to be headed by a woman, whose daring thefts have terrorized the entire countryside during the past month, is being made by New Hampshire police.

William E. Callhassey, 25, died at Hartford by bursting a blood vessel during a coughing spell.

Discovering that she had lost a bag containing jewels worth $10,000, Mrs. William Littauer, wife of Captain Littauer of Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., offered $500 reward for the return of the valuables.

Miss Melinda Dubois, 22, of Pawtucket, R. I., was instantly killed when an automobile in which she was riding crashed into a tree and tipped over.

With a history dating back to the days before Beverly was incorporated as a town and when it was still a part of Salem, the First Parish Unitarian Church of Beverly, Mass., observed the passing of its 250th anniversary today.

Francis W. Hunnewell, 79, director of several large banks, railroads and mining concerns, and a member of a prominent Boston family, died in his summer home at Wellesley.

Euclide Labrie, proprietor of a motorcycle repair shop at Manchester, N. H., was killed when the rear wheels of a small automobile he was testing crumpled, throwing him headlong to the ground.

Seven valuable horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the polo stables of P. B. Bradley at Hingham, Mass. The cost is $17..

Judge John Kivel of Dover was nominated by Governor Keyes as chief justice of the New Hampshire superior court.

The members of the Special Aid society are to maintain a house at Ayer, Mass., for the use of commissioned officers, their wives and relatives.

The government has accepted the tender by Henry Ford of the use of the Ford automobile plant at Cambridge, Mass., for the purpose of the army.

Herbert H. Russell, 69, for the past forty-five years postmaster in the Waverley section of Belmont, Mass., died after suffering from a shock.

New Haven Goes Democratic

New Haven, Oct. 3.—David E. Fitzgerald, Democrat, was elected mayor of this city in the city election, defeating Mayor Campbell, the Republican nominee. The entire ticket nominated with Fitzgerald was also elected.

Costs More Money to Make Money

Washington, Oct. 1.—The federal reserve board was notified by the bureau of printing and engraving that in the future the price of turning out federal reserve notes would be $8 per thousand, instead of $6.50 formerly.

Old Saying Was Once Made

W. Gurney Benham, in his "... Quotations," says: "Either I will find a way or make one" was ... originally a ... of a ...

HAIG'S GREAT DRIVE IS BEGUN

His Men Take All Positions Marked For Them

3000 PRISONERS CAPTURED

Germans Make Desperate Efforts to Stay Advance of British, but Meet With Failure—Important Railway Line Expected to Soon Fall Into Hands of Allied Forces

London, Oct. 5.—The anticipated renewal of Field Marshal Haig's big offensive in Flanders has begun and all the objectives of the first day have been won and held.

Like the preceding attacks, the latest was timed to the minute. The British forces, at a given signal at daylight, swarmed from their trenches over ground that had been harrowed by myriads of shells from the great array of artillery, and all along the front of more than eight miles, from south of Tower Hamets to the north of Langemarche, they made notable new gains of terrain, inflicted heavy casualties on the Germans while themselves suffering slight losses and taking many prisoners, large numbers of whom gladly surrendered in order to reach a haven of safety.

The attack was delivered with all the dash of previous offensives, and swiftly and surely the British, notwithstanding heavy counter attacks at various points, took positions that had been marked for them, some of them to a depth of more than a mile.

The main ridge of the heights running north and south to the east of Ypres, which affords a dominating point for the launching of future attacks, is nearly all in the hands of the British, and at several points the Ostend-Lille railway now is virtually within the range of Haig's guns.

More than 3000 German prisoners had been passed behind the lines when the latest official communications concerning the day's fighting was sent and large numbers of others were being gathered in.

Especially bitter fighting occurred to the seat of Zonnebeke, the nearest point of approach to the desired railway line which connects Ostend, Zeebrugge and other northern points of supply with the German line to the south.

The efforts of the Germans to stay the British here were fruitless, however, as likewise were their efforts farther north in the region of Poelcapelle, where the British gained ground to a depth of about two-thirds of a mile.

There has been no cessation in the extremely violent artillery duel between the French and the Germans on the west bank of the Meuse river in the Verdun sector.

Germans have made another infantry attack against the French in this region, but again were repulsed with heavy casualties.

Near Jacobstadt, which lies midway between Riga and Dvinsk, on the northern Russian front, a big battle apparently is being prepared for. Here Petrograd reports an intense artillery duel in progress, which probably indicates that the Germans are seeking to pave the way for an attempt to cross the Dvina river.

In the Austro-Italian theatre Gen. Cadorna's forces have been forced to sustain further heavy counter attacks from the Austrians. The attacks came to naught under the fire of the Italian artillery and rifle fire.

French airmen continue to carry out reprisals on German cities and towns for the aerial bombardment of Bar le Duc by German aircraft.

Frankfort-on-the-Main and Rastatt Baden have been effectively shelled from the air. In addition, the British and French aviators are keeping up their raids over German points of military advantage behind the fighting lines, again having loosed large quantities of explosives upon them.

TORPEDOED AND SUNK

Nineteen Men Perish as British Cruiser Drake Goes Down Off Ireland

London, Oct. 5.—The noted British cruiser Drake was torpedoed on the north coast of Ireland. She reached a harbor, then sank in shallow water.

One officer and eighteen men were killed by the explosion. The remainder of the ship's company were saved.

The Drake was a vessel of 14,100 tons. She was built in 1901 and had a speed of twenty-three knots. Her complement was 900 men.

General's Rank For Pershing

Washington, Oct. 3.—Revival of the grade of full general is planned by the war department to provide suitable rank for Maj. Gen. Pershing, commanding the American expeditionary forces in France.

Ex-Cavalryman Gets Ten-Year Term

St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 3.—Robert Warm, a former cavalryman in the United States army, was sentenced to not less than ten years nor more than fourteen in the state prison for killing 14-year old Jennie Boomhag-way on Aug. 13 last.

MILLIONS SPENT BY BERNSTORFF

Directed Propaganda Under Name of Charles Gledhill

BOLO'S PART IN GREAT PLOT

Was to Use Big Fund to Try to Start Backfire Against French Government In French Publications—Authorities Making Wide Search For Much-Wanted Information

Washington, Oct. 5.—That Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, expended the enormous total of $27,000,000 in the United States from his arrival here following the outbreak of the war until he was sent back home has just been revealed here for the first time.

State department officials declared that this was about the figure. A good part of the money was utilized, they said, for legitimate purposes, part of it in purchasing raw materials for use after the war.

All information concerning the amount which is known to have been illegally expended was refused by the department. So far as their revelations made in New York regarding the expenditure of funds by the suspected German agent, Paul Bolo, also known as Bolo Pasha, are concerned, officials of the department of justice and the state department said they are conclusively proven.

It was stated officially that Bernstorff, while directing the German propaganda system, went under the name of "Charles Gledhill." Under this unpretentious name the former ambassador received the $1,683,500 which he turned over to Bolo.

It was explained, however, that so far as is known, none of the money handled by the agent was used to influence any American newspapers. Bolo's object, it was stated, plainly was to try to start a backfire against the French government in French publications. Because most of the evidence against Bolo has been turned over to the French government through Ambassador Jusserand, officials here refused to comment on it.

It is believed, however, that the proof is so complete of Bolo's employment by the German intelligence office that his execution by a firing squad is expected.

Flood of German Gold

New York, Oct. 5.—The well of gold from which Ambassador Bernstorff drew apparently inexhaustible millions for Germany's propaganda work here and abroad, is believed by New York legal authorities to have been located at last.

The authorities indicated that traces had been found of a pouring out of literally millions of dollars—much of it to Americans—on Bernstorff's orders through the Deutsches bank, a branch of the institution of the same name in Berlin.

The widest possible search for just this information is now under way by New York authorities. Officials indicated that the new government inquisitorial powers conferred in the trading with the enemy act might be turned over for the present exclusively toward running down the "leads" already uncovered in the Deutsches bank.

"A thorough investigation of the books and dealings of the Deutsches bank and the activities of Hugo Schmidt, its head, offers an unlimited field for the United States authorities which has not been exploited," said Atty. Gen. Lewis of New York.

Lewis has been specially entrusted with the preliminary investigation by the state and the government, as well as by the French ambassador, who is interested in the matter because of the complicity of Bolo.

Attacker of Women Slain

St. Louis, Oct. 5.—Edward Wilson, a negro, who in the last week attacked five white women in revenge, it is said, for the death of relatives in the riots in East St. Louis, Ill., was shot and killed on the street here by Joseph Ciprolli, the escort of a girl he had insulted.

Scrubwoman Buys Big Bond

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 5.—Mrs. Mary Berger, scrubwoman at the liberty bond committee headquarters, produced $1000 and demanded the first bond sold here. She was given that honor and declared that she might purchase a few more.

Laurier to Resign Leadership

Ottawa, Oct. 4.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced that he purposes to retire from the leadership of the opposition and the Liberal party. He has been head of the Canadian Liberal party since 1887.

"Messenger Girl" Is Here

Washington, Oct. 5.—The "messenger girl" has made her appearance on the government's pay roll, as a result of the shortage of boys and men in the capital for that work.

Pastor and Doctor Killed In Duel

Russellville, Pa., Oct. 5.—Deep mystery shrouds a fatal duel between Rev. J. T. Terry, pastor of the First Methodist church, and Dr. Thomas Hughes, prominent physician, in which Hughes was killed and Terry fatally wounded with two revolver [illegible]. Both men leave families.

LAWRENCE HEADS BAY STATE "DRYS"

Hale, Democratic Nominee, For Lieutenant Governor

Boston, Oct. 4.—Chester R. Lawrence of Boston, last year's candidate, was nominated for governor, and Matthew Hale of Boston named as the party's candidate for lieutenant governor by the Prohibition state convention here. Hale is also the Democratic nominee for the office.

The remainder of the ticket was chosen as follows: For secretary of state, Herbert S. Brown of Greenfield; for treasurer, Solon Lovett of Beverly; for auditor, Henry G. Smith, Jr., of Somerville; for attorney general, Frank Auchter of Belmont.

In the party platform, in resolutions and in speeches, the national government, and especially members of the United States senate, were severely criticised for not prohibiting the manufacture or importation of beer and wines as well as stronger liquors during the war.

NO DISSENTING VOTE

War Insurance Bill Passes Senate and Goes to Conference

Washington, Oct. 5.—With the $10,000 maximum insurance plan restored, as urged by the administration, and with an additional provision raising Maj. Gen. Pershing and Maj. Gen. Bliss to the rank of general, the soldiers' and sailors' insurance bill, carrying an appropriation of $176,000,000, was passed last night by the senate by a vote of 71 to 0.

The bill was at once sent to conference, where prompt agreement is expected.

The bill, as passed by the senate, includes provision for dependents through the soldier's pay, and also provision that men without dependents will not be out of work and money on their return to civil life.

One-half of the pay of each man will be retained by the government for dependents. In case there are no dependents, the money, with interest, will be paid to the man on his discharge, or to his heirs in the event of his death.

SHIPS ON WAR BASIS

American Craft For Foreign Ports Under Treasury Regulations

Washington, Oct. 2.—Beginning today every vessel leaving the United States for European and Mediterranean ports will have to obey treasury department regulations relative to armament, fuel and smoke screens and painting to obtain invisibility which have been adopted as a part of the plans of this country and the allies for dealing with the German submarine menace.

The vessels must be armed in accordance with the recommendations of the navy department. The bureau of war risk insurance will charge an additional rate of 1 percent on each voyage of vessels failing to comply with this requirement.

MUST COME TO TIME

Last Warning Sounded For Those Who Would Dodge Draft

Washington, Oct. 5.—A last warning was issued to drafted men who have failed to answer the call to the colors.

The government gave notice to those who have failed to report that they will be given an opportunity to escape punishment if they join the colors now and explain their previous failure to do so.

If they show a wilful disposition to evade service they will be charged with desertion and every effort will be made to apprehend and punish them.

Johnson Made Circuit Judge

Washington, Oct. 2.—Former Senator Charles F. Johnson of Waterville, Me., was nominated by President Wilson as United States circuit judge, first judicial district, to succeed Judge Putnam, resigned. The senate confirmed the nomination.

WAR TAX BECOMES LAW

Bill Levying Over Two and a Half Billions Signed by President

Washington, Oct. 4.—The war tax bill became a law late yesterday with President Wilson's signature.

No formalities attended the signing of the measure, which levies for this year more than $2,500,000,000 new taxes to provide war revenues.

It touches directly or indirectly the pocketbook of everybody in the country through taxes on incomes, excess profits, liquor, tobacco, soft drinks, passenger and freight transportation, proprietary medicines, chewing gum, amusements, musical instruments, talking machine records and many other things.

Trolley Car Crew Jailed

New Haven, Oct. 5.—Motorman Wesleyn Negue of the car which ran into a car at North Branford on Aug. 13, causing nineteen deaths, was sentenced to from one to one and a half years in prison. Conductor Tryon was sentenced to a year in jail. Both men pleaded guilty. The coroner had held them criminally responsible.

GERMAN RAIDERS IN SOUTH PACIFIC

Crew of Wrecked Seeadler Now Using Captured Craft

Washington, Oct. 5.—Operations of German raiders in the southern Pacific were revealed in a despatch to the navy department from Tutuila, Samoan Islands, telling of the arrival there in an open boat of the master of the missing American schooner C. Slade with a story that the famous Seeadler had stranded on Mopeha island after destroying three American schooners and that members of the German crew had set out for further depredations on commerce on captured vessels.

It was Aug. 2 when the Seeadler was abandoned and on Aug. 21 her commanding officer with three officers and two men set out in a motor sloop provided with machine guns, rifles, bombs and two months' supplies. On Sept. 5 the remainder of the Germans seized the French schooner Lutece, armed her and put to sea.

Twenty-seven white and seventeen native prisoners from the Seeadler were left marooned on the island, and the Slade's master brought word that they were in great need of food and water. The American vessels sunk were the Slade, the A. B. Johnston and the Manila.

GREAT AIRPLANE FLEET

Twenty Thousand Machines Under Construction In This Country

Washington, Oct. 5.—Twenty thousand airplanes for America's fighting forces in France, authorized in the $640,000,000 aviation bill passed by congress last July, actually are under construction.

The necessary motors also are being manufactured, Secretary Baker announced, and the whole aircraft program has been so co-ordinated that when planes and motors are completed, trained aviators, as well as machine guns and all other equipment, will be waiting for them. "When this nation's army moves up to participate in the fighting," said the secretary, "the eyes of her army will be ready."

"Within a reasonable time, considering the period of preparation," Baker said, "this country will send its first airplane to Europe. This airplane, from the tip of its propeller to the machine gun and camera, will have been made in the United States."

Stranded Warship Floated

An Atlantic Port, Oct. 2.—The battleship of the United States navy which went aground in home waters on Sept. 28 has been floated. It is not believed the vessel was seriously injured.

Week's British Casualties

London, Oct. 3.—The British casualties reported for the past week numbered 21,179, divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds—officers, 151; men, 3773; wounded or missing—officers, 531; men, 16,724.

England Gets Another Loan

Washington, Oct. 2.—The treasury department advanced a new loan of $50,000,000 to Great Britain, bringing the total of American loans to allies to $2,516,400,000.

C. A. C. Needs Recruits

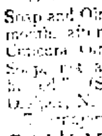
Boston, Oct. 5.—More men are needed to fill the companies in the coast artillery corps of the national guard. Men between the ages of 18 and 35 are eligible. Applicants are directed to recruiting stations in Boston, Portland, Portsmouth, Narragansett Pier, Springfield and Providence.

Nation Assumes Sugar Control.

Washington, Oct. 1.—The United States food administration announced that it has assumed control of the price and distribution of sugar for America and her all[illegible].

ITCHING BURNING RASH NEARLY DROVE MISS PRATT WILD

Healed by Cuticura in Less Than a Month With Two Boxes Ointment and Two Cakes Soap. Cost $1.50.



"I was taken first with a fine humor on my hands and around my ankles. The general appearance was of a red rash, and there was such itching and burning it nearly drove me wild. By scratching the affected parts they got moist and I was obliged to keep my ankles and fingers wrapped in linen. It bothered me most at night.

"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in less than a month after I had used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Soap, not a trace remained. I was healed." (Signed) Miss A. B. Pratt, [illegible], N. H., Aug. 21, 1916.

[illegible] skin and scalp troubles [illegible] by using Cuticura [illegible] toilet purposes. [illegible] redness, rough[illegible] apply a little [illegible] nothing [illegible]

For Fr[illegible] Return Mail address [illegible] Cuticura, Dept. R, Boston. [illegible]

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

USE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

LOOK OVER OUR STOCK

Years of experience in the selection of ELECTRIC SERVANTS for the HOME enable us to offer you the best only, with a guarantee of

QUALITY and EFFICIENCY

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

Phone 28 — Illuminating Department, 449 Thames St.

Good Furniture News Right Here

A solid carload of Dining Room furniture unloaded yesterday—golden oak, fumed oak, and Period pieces in beautifully grained American walnut.

This one shipment is equal to the entire stock of some very pretentious stores; but is only a fraction of the tremendous stock of this big store.

Now—such quantity buying as this means very low cost to us of very high grade goods; very great care on the part of the makers to please the very big buyer. It means better goods to you at lower prices than little buyers can possibly offer, even though their selling price be their actual cost.

When you buy furniture, buy of the biggest buyer, for he can give you the best goods at the littlest prices and still make his necessary profit. When a dealer continually sells at cost or less, he is bound sooner or later to come to grief. You can guess the answer.

A.C.TITUS CO. 225-229 Thames St, Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 10, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

R. Livingston Beeckman	Peter King
Edward J. Berwind	William MacLeod
Charles A. Brackett	Frank C. Nichols
H. Martin Brown	Thomas P. Peckham
Clark Burdick	T. I. Hare Powel
Samuel P. Colt	Andrew K. Quinn
Charles D. Easton	Edward A. Sherman
Henry F. Eldridge	James Stillman
Otis Everett	Jeremiah K. Sullivan
Frederick P. Garrettson	Henry A. C. Taylor
Lawrence L. Gillespie	Charles Tisdall
Ernest Howe	

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman

EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

The Savings Bank of Newport

NEWPORT, R. I.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819

QUARTER DAY

Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 20th, 1917, begins to draw interest from that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

For Autumn Outings

The charm of gorgeously colored foliage is an added inducement to visit the beautiful

White Mountains

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mile high peaks, hundred mile views, splendid outdoor recreation, golf, tennis, motoring, sports that thrill, invigorating air, and delightful social life. Attractive resorts, fine hotels and boarding houses.

For illustrated booklets, write Advertising Dept., New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

What Women Like to Know

For Street Wear

The tailored suit here illustrated is developed in navy blue serge and tailored in such a way as to accentu-

TAILORED SUIT.

ate the slim lines of the figure. The sveltline method is used to emphasize the youthfulness of the figure. Bone buttons afford smart trimming.

Packing Salt Pickled Green Tomatoes In Brine

Water tight kegs or crocks may be used to hold pickled tomatoes. Wash thoroughly and steam the kegs or crocks.

Wash the tomatoes. On the bottom of the container place a layer of dill and a handful of mixed spice. Pack the container full of tomatoes. Add a top layer of dill and spice. Pour over all enough weak brine to cover the tomatoes. Cover with a cheesecloth and a clean board cover. Place upon the board cover a clean stone weight sufficiently heavy to hold the tomatoes beneath the surface of the brine.

Leave in a warm room until fermentation is completed and no bubbles rise to the surface when the receptacle is tapped gently. Skim off any scum formed during fermentation. Store receptacle in a cool place. Cover the top of the brine with hot paraffin to form an air tight surface.

To make weak brine use one-half pint of vinegar, three-fourths cupful of salt, one gallon of water. Stir until salt is entirely dissolved.

Save Shoe Leather.

Proper care of shoes will not only do much to extend their life, but will also improve their appearance, says the Farm Journal. Keep the heels squared. A runover heel forces the counter out of shape and often breaks it. Avoid getting leather wet, but when wet and muddy gently wipe off the mud instead of letting it dry. While the leather is still wet rub in a little warm oil. The shoe should dry slowly. Do not place it in a hot oven or on a hot stove, as intense heat and cold are bad for leather and especially the changes from one to the other.

Protect Baby's Eyes.

Do not let the sun shine directly on baby's face when out of doors. Often we see little children in buggies or go-carts with no protection for the eyes, making a vain effort to turn away from the sun and, failing in this, squinting their little faces all out of shape to protect their eyes. There should always be a parasol or some kind of a sunshade over baby's head, and it should be lined with dark green, which is the most restful of colors. White parasols are a snare and a delusion, quite useless in affording the necessary protection against the sun's rays.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

If no God, whence duty? There remains no other source than blind, brutal, tyrannous force. Duty never issues from that.—Mazzini.

The voice of all nature cries to us that there is a God.—Voltaire.

Religion is more of a necessity in a republic than in a monarchy, most of all in republics most democratic.—De Tocqueville.

A Reason For Forgiving.

"The Joneses are very forgiving. When their son wrote them he had eloped with the cook they wrote him to bring his bride home at once."

"But you don't understand how hard it is to keep a cook in this place."—Baltimore American.

MIDSEASON COAT.

A Topper For the First Cool Days Is This.

JAUNTY CUT.

Caramel brown gabardine makes this lightweight three-quarter length coat, set off with big plaid buttons and patches of stitchery so attractively placed. White satin gives a dressy effect in collar and cuffs.

NEW FALL SHADES.

Variations of the Old Colors That Are Popular.

Brown is promised a greater vogue than usual, though it was somewhat emphasized last winter. There are several new medium shades bearing fanciful names which no one remembers or uses. Kolinsky is the one most likely to get its name, since every one is familiar with the fur and recognizes the aptness of the name on the color card. Hudson seal is a brown darker than the seal brown of old and included among the American colorings. Java is a good dark brown.

The various manufacturers issue their own color cards, and on the French cards this season American names frequently appear, as in one syndicate's line of "American blues," running from light to dark, but all with a pronounced warmth and intensity.

Greens of rather dark tones are bidding for favor, both the lovely blue greens and the ivy shades, with jade colorings for a good third.

Deep purple and the beet root, which had a trial last winter, are considered very good, and the wine reds are revived, though apparently not with last season's enthusiasm, the purplish Concord being the wine shade most often seen.

Blues of many sorts are, as usual, popular. Women will have blue no matter what the color cards say, and, though Paris has laid more emphasis on black than on the dark blues, of late a large majority of the early autumn suits and one piece wool frocks ordered are in the perennial dark blue.

Mahogany shades in greater number than appeared last year are with us. The French emphasize them as they did last winter. This is a most trying color to the average woman and one that in most of its shades refuses to blend amicably with others, but often effective in itself.

Taupe is still beloved, more so than ever perhaps because for some reason known to dyers it is likely to be scarce this season. The Germans monopolize some ingredient necessary to success with this color, so we are told, and many a woman will add this to her grudges against Germany.

Just How to Can Peaches.

Blanch from one to two minutes, cold dip and pack either whole or in pieces into the hot jars. Hot sirup, previously prepared, should be poured over the fruit at once. Before packing a second jar place rubbers and caps in position, not tight. If using tin cans seal completely. Sterilize for the length of time given below for the particular type of outfit used:

	Minutes.
Water bath, homemade or commercial	35
Water seal, 214 degrees	12
Five pounds steam pressure	10
Ten pounds steam pressure	5

Remove from canner, tighten covers, invert to cool and test joints. Wrap in paper to prevent bleaching and store.

Boiling water may be added instead of hot sirup, but the time of sterilization must be as follows:

	Minutes
Hot water bath, homemade or commercial	40
Water seal, 214 degrees	20
Five pounds steam pressure	12
Ten pounds steam pressure	10

Currants Improve Pot Roast.

When preparing a pot roast of beef add a cupful of currants. They improve the appearance of the meat and impart a delicious flavor.

Microbes are never found on gold coins, while paper money is an ideal home for them and every old banknote is a menace of disease. The relief is that gold acts as a bactericide.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FINDING A COMET.

One Case Where a Blunder Proved a Friend to Science.

Probably the most extraordinary discovery of a comet was that of the one known as "a 1896." It happened this way, as told in Science by W. W. Campbell of the Lick observatory: Professor Charles D. Perrine discovered a comet on Nov. 17, 1895, and observed it night after night till Dec. 20, 1895, when it was lost to sight in the glare of the sun's rays. Professor Perrine and Mr. Campbell calculated its orbit for 1896, and their computations were published in the astronomical journals.

Just before dawn on Jan. 30, 1896, Perrine and Campbell watched it emerge from behind the sun at the precise spot they had predicted. On Feb. 14 a cablegram in cipher announced that Lamp at Kiel, Germany, had rediscovered Perrine's comet that morning and gave its position. This differed by twenty-four minutes of time from the position in which Perrine knew his comet to be. This was not explained for several weeks, when it turned out that in translating the cipher cablegram a mistake had been made and that the cablegram as sent placed the comet just where Perrine had observed it.

Before this error had been discovered, however, and on the morning of Feb. 15 Perrine turned his telescope to the spot indicated in the cablegram and saw a comet. He naturally supposed that Lamp at Kiel had discovered this new comet and mistaken it for the Perrine comet, and not until the error in translating the cablegram was discovered did it become evident that this was not so and that the error had actually directed the telescope to a new comet.

And, stranger still, this new comet was moving so rapidly that had Perrine directed his telescope to the spot indicated at any other time but just that morning he would not have seen it and it might never have been discovered.

WHEN DEWEY WAS AT MANILA.

We Were Then Very Close to a Clash With Germany.

When Admiral Dewey's fleet was in Manila harbor in 1898, after taking the city, the only fleet which did not salute our flag was the fleet of the German government. It was heavier, gun for gun, than the American. Its attitude was so threatening that the English fleet under Admiral Chichester anchored between the two, ready to act. It was not the last time English and American fleets were to act together in defense of freedom.

In the judgment and on the authority of one of the few of those then on the ground and still living who held high positions no doubt existed in our fleet, our army or our civil administrators that the kaiser's fleet had instructions to use any opportunity for action. The German government extorted from us the Caroline islands, now in Japanese hands, a serious addition to our future perils of the Pacific.

When President McKinley came to a final decision on our retention of the Philippines he was powerfully influenced by a personal message from Lord Salisbury, not through the usual channels, that he hoped the United States would keep the archipelago, because if we did not this German government would take them and a general war would follow, since Japan and England would act. I say this on the authority of my lifelong friend and for thirty years my beloved chief on the Philadelphia Press, the late Charles Emory Smith, then postmaster general.—Talcott Williams in American Review of Reviews.

Why Shoes Wear Out.

The average step is twenty-six inches. This means 2,437 steps to the mile, or 12,185 in a five mile day. A person weighing 100 pounds in a day has pounded into his shoes 974 tons and 1,000 pounds of meat, bone and troubles, and all this he carries above his shoes. Men buy three pairs of shoes a year. A steel hammer weighing 100 pounds coming down at that rate for four months would have to be renewed each day and would have to be fished out of the deepest hole in the earth at the end of four months.—New York Mail.

Why People Die Early.

High blood pressure belongs to a group of old age diseases—Bright's disease, arteriosclerosis, heart failure, apoplexy and paralysis. People naturally die of them at seventy to eighty years of age. If they fall victims at an earlier age there is something wrong. What is wrong? Why do people die prematurely? I believe it is because we fail to search for and find the symptoms of these organic diseases. There is no question at all that if we can discover the right agent to fight the toxins that live in the colon or large bowel the average man and woman should live to be at least a hundred. The American people are going to take death prevention more seriously than they do now. Some day when men and women die under fifty years of age a coroner's inquest will be called to determine the cause of their untimely demise.—Dr. W. S. Sadler in Collier's Weekly.

Military Orders.

The story goes that a raw battalion of rough backwoodsmen, who had "volunteered," once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field, so he said: "Colonel, I want to see your men at work. Call them to attention and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank." Without a moment's hesitation the colonel yelled to his fellow ruffians, "Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left endways! Tote yer guns! Git!" The maneuver proved a brilliant success and the self elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.—Manchester Guardian.

GARB OF OUR ARMY

How Uniforms Have Changed Since Colonial Times.

EFFICIENCY NOW THE RULE.

The Picturesque Dress of the Continentals and the Bearskin Crests of 1812 Would Look Badly Out of Place In These Practical Days.

There is little in the businesslike, simple uniform of the American soldier reminiscent of the colorful, bizarre garb of the early army of the United States.

From the time of the Revolutionary war or soon thereafter the tendency was steadily toward simplicity, but it was not until after the war with Spain that khaki was adopted and the easily visible blue trousers and shirt discarded.

Today the American soldier's uniform is designed for comfort, serviceability, protection from both weather and discovery by the enemy—in short, for efficient service. What some of the picturesque old uniforms were devised for is more than one can say unless it was for their picturesqueness.

Washington's armies, when they had uniforms, wore the familiar "Continentals" of bluff and blue or gray, but regiments from different states had for the most part uniforms of their own. The majority wore whatever clothes would protect them without regard for uniformity. One part of the American troops who received the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown were in uniform, but the most of them still wore rags of homespun.

The uniform for the period between 1802 and the war of 1812 reflects the style adopted by European armies for the time. The three cornered cocked hat of the revolution had been abandoned, and the officers wore chapeaux bras, while the enlisted men of the infantry and artillery wore round leather hats with bearskin crests, creating a very picturesque effect.

During the war of 1812 several types of uniform were worn by the American forces. There was little left to remind one of the Revolutionary war. Instead of the long cutaway, enlisted men wore single breasted, close buttoned coats, with the skirts fashioned after the civilian dress coat of the day. Facings disappeared, and the collars became enormously high, rising to the tip of the ear. Hats were high, some infantry wearing headpieces much like those worn by the cabmen of the days just preceding the taxicab.

Coats of the infantry and artillery were uniformly blue and were modified somewhat in shape by an order issued in 1813, the long tails being found inconvenient in the field and in fighting through wooded country and underbrush. The word "coatee" was coined for the new garment, and the only trimming consisted of tape on the collar. The high hat was changed to the bell crowned leather shako, and worsted or leather pompons replaced feathers.

Distinction between dress and field uniforms began to be made about the time of the war of 1812. The full dress consisted of the hussar jacket, and the skirt had a double plait in each fold. The collar and sleeves were worked with silver braid. The trousers were white cassimere or buckskin for parade and dark blue for service.

Knee breeches sometimes were worn on social occasion, with yellow knee buckles instead of strings, yellow buckles in the shoes and a chapeau bras instead of a cap. The waistcoats were of white cloth in winter and of jean or nankeen in the summer.

When the Mexican war began a distinctive campaign uniform was adopted. The flat, soft forage cap came into prominence, and the frock coat was worn by officers. Men and officers alike discarded cross belts, but wore one body belt and a waist belt. The artillery wore jackets, which did not entirely disappear from the service until after the war between the states.

The influence of the French victories in Italy was reflected in the zouave dress that was fashionable when the war of the sixties began, and the dark blue blouse and sky blue trousers of our own service of that time fixed for years the fashion of state troops from one end of the country to the other.

After that war it was some time before the trappings which had been abandoned for field work were restored.

In the eighties the uniform was much as it was during the Spanish-American war, except that men and officers wore helmets much like those of the London bobby of today, instead of the slouch felt campaign hats used in Cuba. The coats were dark blue short frock coats and the trousers light blue. Stripes on the trousers denoted the branch of the service, and in the case of the officers plumes on the helmets were used.

In the Spanish-American war the uniform consisted of a dark blue coat (shorter than the frock coat), blue flannel shirt and light blue trousers. Stripes on the trousers denoted the service—white for infantry, yellow for cavalry and red for artillery.

It was not until after the Spanish war that khaki and olive drab came into vogue, although the marines and a few infantry units tested it in the war with Spain. The light blue trousers and dark blue coats are still worn in garrison for semidress uniforms, but in the field olive drab is the color.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

A word spoken, an army of chariots cannot overtake it.

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What Makes a Car Old.

The life of the bearings of a car determines the usefulness of the entire machine. A car with badly worn bearings is an old car, even though it may have traveled less than 10,000 miles, whereas one which has seen 100,000 miles of use and still has its bearings in good condition is, comparatively speaking, a new machine.

Wear on bearings is determined by four conditions—the load which that bearing carries, the speed at which the bearing surfaces move over each other, the nature of those surfaces and their ability to resist wear and the lubrication which these surfaces receive and its ability to prevent the formation of the destructive heat of friction.

The matter of load becomes a matter of size, for with a given load it is but natural that with a large surface over which to distribute the pressure the load on each square inch of bearing surface will be less. This means that the life of bearings will, in general, be in proportion to their size.—Leslie's Weekly.

Essentials of Song Voice.

Many good singers only think their songs. These fall short of the powers they might attain. The listeners hear the music, but they are not thrilled.

Other singers have feeling, but they fail to display will. Their voices necessarily lack fiber and are too soft and sentimental. Such singing suggests merely passive sympathy and not the desire to help actively.

Good, honest sentiment and the ring of good will, implying action, are wanted in good music. There is no appeal in the song voice that only wills. The voice of authority and domination is not pleasing. The essentials of the song voice embrace all the singer's powers, faculties and attributes. They include not only will, but also thought and feeling, and that voice is lacking which fails to combine all three of these elements.—Exchange.

The Cabbage Butterfly.

The most destructive enemy of the cabbage and related crops is the cabbage butterfly. This lays its eggs upon a cabbage leaf. The eggs hatch into green caterpillars, and these eat the leaves. In 1883, says the Journal of Heredity, an ichneumon fly was imported from Europe to keep the cabbage butterfly in check. The fly lays its eggs in the body of the caterpillar; the larvae which hatch from these eggs eat the caterpillar's insides, cut their way out through the empty skin and spin cocoons from which the flies emerge.

"It is interesting to note," adds the Journal of Heredity, "that the parasite is in turn preyed upon by a superparasite, a little chalcis fly, 'and so on down ad infinitum,' no doubt."

Korea Eats Rice With a Spoon.

While China and Japan take rice with chopsticks, Korea eats hers with a spoon. Prediction is that the next step will usher in the broad fork. "Whence comes this peculiarity?" asks the Korea Magazine. "One reason is that in the Analects of Confucius a record exists that the master ate his millet not with chopsticks, but with a spoon. Every saying that pertains to Confucius is reverently regarded in Korea, and the people of that land would rather follow the master than present day custom."—East and West News.

The Servian Swineherd.

In any Servian village there is only one swineherd, and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.

Southern Mangrove.

The rhizophora mangle, the southern mangrove, is most curious in propagation. The seed sends forth a shoot that really comes through the seed and grows to a foot long. It then falls away and strikes, root end down, in the mud and is at once a plant.

She Got the Idea.

He—I say, Dolly, may I take your photograph? You look so pretty that I feel I could eat you! She—Oh, I see; that's why you want me on a plate, eh?

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Bites and Stings.

In case of a sting of any kind the first thing to do, of course, is to remove the sting. This can best be done with the point of a knife or needle, but care should be taken not to break the skin for fear of infection. Then the next best thing, perhaps, is to apply ammonia water or soda water to the affected parts.

In case of bites, as well as of stings when the sting is removed, as a rule a paste of common baking soda applied to the affected parts or these bathed in ammonia water is all that is necessary. Where the poisonous effect is severe, however, send for a doctor. In the meantime the patient should lie down and keep quiet.

An application of a 50 per cent solution of a saturate solution of potassium permanganate which you get at the drug store is very efficient for insect poisons and for the poisons of plants, too, such as poison ivy and sumac.

Saving Time.

Mrs. Styles—I read today that hats are being made of banana skins.

Mr. Styles—Why don't you get one, dear?

"What's the idea?"

"It would save a lot of time. It could be slipped on so easily."—Yonkers Statesman.

Home Cookery

Meat Turnovers.

Chop the meat. If the quantity on hand is small mix with it leftover potato or rice. Season with salt, pepper, onion, etc. Place filling on circular pieces of biscuit dough about the size of a saucer. Fold over the dough and crimp edges together. Bake for about one-half hour in a hot oven. Serve with brown sauce.

Peanut Soup

Heat one pint of milk until lukewarm. Add two rounded tablespoonfuls of peanut butter mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Salt to taste. Thicken with one teaspoonful of butter or savory fat mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Bring almost to the boiling point and serve.

Mock Duck.

On a round steak cut thin place a stuffing of breadcrumbs well seasoned with chopped onions, butter or other fat, salt, pepper and flavorings such as sage, celery seed, etc., if desired. Roll the steak around the stuffing and tie in several places with a string. If the steak is tough, steam or stew the roll until tender before roasting in the oven.

French Toast.

Beat up together one egg, one cupful of skim or whole milk and salt to taste. Place a small quantity of butter, bacon fat or other suitable fat in a broad bottom frying pan. Dip slices of stale bread into the egg and milk mixture until they are thoroughly moist and fry on both sides until a golden brown. Serve hot with or without sirup.

Cheese and Greens Roll.

Cook two quarts of spinach, Swiss chard or other greens. Drain and dress with one tablespoonful of butter. Chop and add one cupful of grated cheese and breadcrumbs enough to make a mixture sufficiently stiff to form into a roll. Place in an oblong pan and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cold the mixture may be sliced in one-half inch pieces and served on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

Meat and Breadcrumb Cakes.

To four parts of chopped or ground meat add one part soaked breadcrumbs, a small quantity of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Mix and form into small round cakes. Brown the cakes in butter or other fat, turning them.

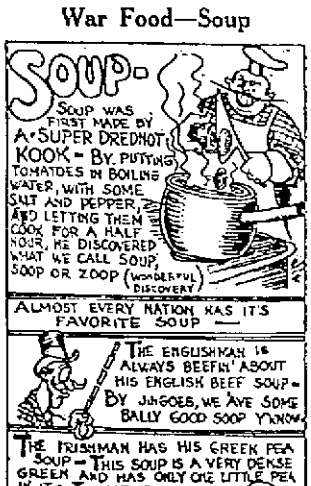
Save Simple Remedies For Sickness at Home

We are plunged into that horrible condition called war. Among the many hardships that the people will have to bear are those relating to the care of the sick at home, writes Dr. F. W. St. John in the Farm Journal. The army and navy will draw heavily upon the active members of the medical profession, as well as upon all medical and surgical supplies.

The price of medicines and dressings which are now abnormally high will continue to soar, and the doctor should be prepared, as far as possible, to care for those who are producing the means of warfare as well as the food and clothing.

I would suggest that during the season every one gather such simple remedies as boneset, wormwood, sage, catnip, etc., as they are all useful in the home. Save all the old linen that is not needed for others to be used in dressing wounds. Keep on hand a liberal supply of ground mustard, Epsom salts, castor oil, etc., as they will certainly be used in place of the more expensive preparations.

War Food—Soup



Olive Oil.

When olive oil is good and fresh it is of a pale greenish yellow color, with little taste or smell, except a sweet nutty flavor. Surprising to say, olive oil is not made from the seed of the olive, as in the case of most vegetable oils, but from the flesh or pericarp of the fruit.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

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Welcoming the Actor.

A well known society performer volunteered to entertain a roomful of patients of the Colney Hatch Lunatic asylum and made up a very successful little monologue show, entirely humorous. The audience in the main gave symptoms of being slightly bored, but one highly intelligent maniac saw the thing in proper light and, clapping the talented actor on the shoulder, said:

"Glad you've come, old fellow. You and I will get along fine. The other dipples here are so dashed dignified. What I say is if a man is mad he needn't put on airs about it."—London Opinion.

Helping the Coffee.

Some of the coffee sold roasted and ground causes complaint. Most of it can be improved a little. Trouble seems to be that it is not roasted enough and needs another touch of fire. You know the less it is roasted the more it weighs. Put a couple of tablespoonfuls in a seamless agate quart kettle or cup and set it on the stove, gas or blue flame and shake it while it gets another scant parching, never letting it get hot enough to smoke or crack. Set it aside till it gets cold and then pour on the water and finish up in the regular way.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

An American Boy's Baptism of Fire

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

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The most graphic account of the great war that has yet been written comes from the pen of a twenty-two-year-old Boston boy, who has just returned from France, where as dragoon guardsman, dispatch rider and motor-car driver he served fourteen months under the British flag. Out of thirty-one motorcycle dispatch riders he was one of four survivors.

CHAPTER IV.

The Boy Sniper.

ANOTHER sniping incident was the case of a Belgian boy only fourteen years old. On a road which was much used for transport we noticed that nearly every night some of our officers would be shot. This went on for some time, and no one could explain it. One day one of our fellows brought in this kid and said that he had found him with a German rifle and ammunition in his possession.

The boy was cross examined and finally admitted that it was he who had been shooting officers on the Oudenarde road. He said that he had been furnished with the rifle and told where he got his ammunition every day. He said he had instructions not to shoot any officers with red on their uniform (staff officers). Now, why he should have received such an order as this was a mystery to me.

He said that he had been at it for two weeks, and during that time he had bagged sixteen officers. He said he received 6 francs (about $1.20) for every officer he shot. He was taken to the rear and shot at once. We tried to follow up the information he had given as to where he had received his ammunition, but his friends had all gone, so I suppose they had been warned.

About this time, too, we caught an old man eighty-two years old. In broad daylight he was out with a pair of nippers cutting our wires. We caught men dressed as women and women dressed as men. We caught people flying pigeons from their houses. In fact, we caught spies doing almost everything to give information.

We were always trying to make the trenches we had taken over from the French a little more comfortable. We made wooden gratings for the bottom of them, besides the lookout platform. From empty oil drums we made braziers, and these in particular were mighty agreeable at night.

The country for a couple of miles back of the trenches was deserted. The people had fled, leaving practically everything. Chickens and pigs were running wild, and it was surprising how quickly they got almost as wild as the wildest animals.

A pig hunt with fixed bayonets is a very amusing thing to watch. Got about twenty fellows after a pig and they have their work cut out for them. The pig gives them a good run for their money, but in the end they generally get him, and then comes the march back to camp with the pig held aloft on the ends of several bayonets.

Chicken fishing is great fun, too, but it requires patience. You take a long piece of string and tie a little piece of bread to the end of it. You find a spot where there are chickens about. Scatter some crumbs around and also drop the piece of bread you have on the end of the string. Then you find a convenient tree and sit down with the other end of the string in your hand and wait for the chickens to "bite." When one comes to your piece of bread you begin jerking it nearer to the tree behind which you are hiding. When it

Then I Took Another Look and Saw the Cavalrymen Were Germans.

comes within striking distance you jump as if you were falling on a football, and if you are lucky you will have chicken for dinner.

I was out one day in a motor with a staff captain and Dave Smith, the heavyweight champion, whom I bumped against during my first days in the army. We had been up to a brigade headquarters and were on return trip. I had taken a shorter way coming back, and it was along a very narrow road. Dave was sitting in the front with me, and the captain was in the tonneau. We were bowling along at a fairly good pace, and I had visions of being back in time for dinner.

I noticed a few cavalrymen away ahead of us, but they were so far ahead I didn't pay much attention to them. The first that I knew we were striking anything out of the ordinary was when Dave grabbed my rifle out of the bucket and began firing over the wind shield. Then I took another look and saw the cavalrymen were Germans, and there were seven of them.

The road was so narrow that there wasn't a ghost of a chance to turn around, and I figured that if we rushed them we could bluff our way through, whereas if we stopped they would see that they outnumbered us two to one and the chances were we would get the worst of it. I was so excited I was trembling all over, and the captain was shouting orders at the top of his voice.

Dave was the only cool man in the car, and he was sending shot after shot at them as calmly as if he were on a rifle range. He shouted to me: "Go like h—ll. Crowd 'em off the road!"

When they saw how we were gaining three of them left the road and hit out across country. I thought Dave must have hit the other fellow, for he simply put the spurs to his horse and stuck right to the middle of the road. He didn't attempt to fire at us at all. He was just going for all he was worth.

When I saw this I started after him in earnest, and he didn't have a chance in the world. That car had done seventy-eight miles an hour on her test, and I hardly gave German horses credit for such speed as that. As we got closer to him Dave quit firing, for it would have been murder to shoot a man in a trap such as he was in. He kept to the center of the road, though, and he wouldn't give an inch.

I was blowing that old siren for all it was worth, and I opened the cut-out to make all the noise I could, trying to scare his horse off the road, and the animal wanted to get out of the way, too, but the rider held him in.

At last Dave said, "I'll make him move," and he sent a bullet so close I'll bet he could have kissed it as it went by. He gave way then all right, and as he did I pulled up alongside of him. As we came up he pulled a revolver and fired two shots, which just went over my head. Dave leaned over and caught him by the belt. He yanked him clear of the saddle and slung him into the back of the car. He landed on top of the captain, and those two were so mixed up you couldn't tell one from the other.

I stopped the car as quickly as I could, and we soon had him "saying Uncle," though he fought like a wildcat for a few minutes. The captain got the worst of it, for he had a beautiful "shiner" and the skin off his knuckles. When we searched him we found thirty-three English ten shilling notes on him. He had taken them from some of our fellows, of course, but what made us mad was that the captain would not allow us to keep them.

He said it would not be honest, but I noticed that when we handed him over to some French cavalry a little later they didn't hesitate about taking them, and Dave and I sat in the car and watched them splitting it among themselves. I felt rather sorry for the poor devil, for he said that he and the rest of his squad had been hiding for five days and five nights and that they didn't know where they were. They had become desperate and decided to run for it in the open. The others came in and surrendered later in the day.

* * * * * * *

Supplies are brought across the channel daily. The railway lines run straight down to the docks, so the goods are put on the trains as they are taken out of the ship. Each division, army corps and army has its own railhead, or, in other words, each one of these units has its own station in which its supplies are delivered. Every unit has its own supply column, which is made up of any number of motor trucks, the total varying according to the strength of the unit. These motor trucks pull up on each side of the train, and the supplies are shifted in a very short space of time. Each motor truck is loaded with only one kind of goods, and as the column leaves the station yard all vehicles carrying the same kind of goods group themselves together, so that when they finally move off ten trucks of meat may be leading the column, followed by various numbers of truck loads of bread, groceries, clothing, hay and grain, petrol and mechanical supplies. In this way the goods are all dumped together, and they practically form separate little stores for each article.

The "first dump," as it is called, is a place cleared away on the side of the road where the men may deposit the supplies so that it will be convenient for the horse transport to come and get them. Here the goods are unloaded, and the motor column returns to headquarters. After it is dark the horse transport comes down from the trenches, loads its wagons and immediately returns to the trenches, where the supplies are issued to each unit for distribution to the smaller units.

The motors complete their work in an incredibly short time. They have seven or eight miles to carry their loads and in some cases even farther, yet within two or three hours from the time they leave their camps in the morning they are back again, and the army has been provided for another day.

To each motor vehicle three men are assigned. They are known as the first, second and third drivers and are all of them qualified chauffeurs. In case anything happens to the first driver the others are there to take his place. The first driver has the care of the engine and the driving of the truck, while the other two men have the greasing and oiling and cleaning of the vehicle, and they also assist in the loading and unloading of supplies. The motors are inspected daily, and if not in perfect running order they are at once taken care of by the column workshops. These workshops are very efficient, and it is remarkable what thorough work they can turn out. They are each fitted with a lathe, forge, benches, etc., the lathe being run by a small motorcycle engine provided for that purpose. If for any reason the column is unable to repair a motor, that vehicle is sent to one of the bases where there are stationary workshops, and a new truck is sent back to replace it. The mechanics in these workshops are all trained men and are obliged to pass severe tests before being accepted for the work.

Many of them are men who have worked on the building of cars in the factories in England, and in cases like this they are allowed to specialize on the cars they are familiar with. The only other mechanics who can claim to be their superiors are those of the Royal Flying corps, and they are absolutely the cream of the mechanical world and are one of the highest paid bodies of men in the British army.

Another branch of the mechanical transport which is very much up to

The Horse Transport Comes Down From the Trenches.

date is the department of stores and accessories. The men in this department are not necessarily trained men, but they must be good managers, as they keep in stock all spare parts which are likely to be called for. Besides this, they have charge of the petrol oil, grease, carbide, tires for light cars and, in fact, everything that is likely to be used on an automobile. The petrol is all sent from England in two gallon tins. These tins are sealed when they are filled, and if a seal is broken when a tin of petrol is issued to a driver, or if it appears to have been opened he may refuse it and demand one with the seal intact. In this way the chance of receiving defective or impure petrol is avoided.

There are practically all known makes of motor trucks and cars at the front, as many of them were commandeered at the beginning of the war. Then again, all the motor manufacturers in England are working day and night to keep the armies supplied with these vehicles. There are also a good many American makes in use there.

The work of the chaplains at the front is not spoken of very much, yet they work as hard and do as much good as any men in any other branch of the service. They are usually attached to the royal army medical corps. I have seen a chaplain holding service in a field on a Sunday morning, and during the service the enemy commenced to shell some huts close by. I firmly believe that if it had not been contrary to orders he would have continued to worship just the same as though nothing was happening.

The royal army medical corps is a tremendous unit, and there, too, will be found some of the bravest men in the army, even though they are noncombatants. This corps is always referred to as the R. A. M. C., and the British Tommy speaks of it as the "Rob All My Comrades."

There is a reason for this, of course, and as near as I can make out it is this: When a man is sick or wounded and is obliged to go into hospital all his belongings are taken from him. He is supposed to get them back when he is discharged from hospital, but when one considers the thousands that are taken care of by the hospitals it is only reasonable to believe that a great many of the little bundles are bound to go astray. Tommy cannot see this, however, so he grumbles and growls and often refers to the corps in uncomplimentary terms.

CHAPTER V.

The "Mad Major."

THE nurses in the hospitals are worshiped and adored by the soldiers, and surely this is as it should be, for they are suffering almost as much as the men, and yet they keep cheerful and supply the tender womanly sympathy which means so much when in physical anguish. They are a wonderful body of women, and their work is appreciated. Some of

When a Man Has Been Killed His Letters Are Marked "Killed."

them are close enough to the front to be under fire, and they are as brave as the men when it comes to facing danger.

During an aeroplane raid last fall I had a chance to watch some of the nurses. We had about thirty German aeroplanes over our encampment dropping bombs. As they went back to their own lines they flew over a hospital located in an open field. There were huge red crosses painted on the top of every tent, so it would seem that any mistake as to the nature of the camp would be impossible. Nevertheless as the taubes passed over they dropped several bombs in the hospital and killed quite a number of the poor chaps who were already wounded. The nurses worked as hard as they could trying to quiet the rest of the men, and it is no easy task, for, while a soldier may face almost anything when he is well, it is a very different matter when he is lying helpless, wounded and in pain, on a stretcher.

I was very much interested to learn how a man's mail was taken care of when anything had happened to him. It seemed to me that the chance of his letters being returned before his people could be notified was very great. On asking about this I found that when a man has been killed his letters are marked "Killed," but instead of being sent directly to his people they are returned to the war office and are sent from there, after the casualty has been made known, to his relatives. In this way many people are saved a great deal of premature worry and uneasiness.

I shall never forget the time I saw the Royal Horse artillery go into action, for a more thrilling sight would be hard to imagine. I was out alone in the car, and I had been doing patrol duty. I went rather closer to our firing line than I intended to, but decided to push on until I struck the "route nationale," so I would have a good road all the rest of the way back to camp.

I had to go through the village of Dickebusch, and as I came to the crossroads just outside the village a sentry stopped me and said I could not go on. It seems that some Germans had got a machine gun in the steeple of the church and were cleaning up everything that tried to pass. The horse artillery had been sent for, and I learned that they were on their way even then.

I decided to wait around and see what happened, so I pulled in to the side of the road. I had hardly stopped when I heard a rush and rattle that sounded like an old flivver in the distance. Around the curve dashed eight horses on the dead gallop, pulling an eighteen pounder behind them. They dashed by, but about fifty yards ahead of me they swung around and trained that gun on the church.

There was a moment's pause, and then she spoke, and away went steeple, Germans, machine gun and all. The first shot had been a direct hit, and it couldn't have been better if they had tried a thousand years.

It was the very next day after this event that I got into as tight a fix as I ever care to find myself. I was ordered to take three officers to a place called Kemmel. I had been there before, and from what I had seen then I wasn't eager about making the trip again.

We started off about 1 o'clock and expected to be back by 5. I noticed as I came to the Kemmel road that there were two sentries on duty there, but as they only saluted the officers and didn't say anything I thought no more about it. Now, Kemmel lies at the foot of a hill and is tucked in between Mount Noir and Mount Kemmel. It would be a cozy little place in peace time, but it is an awful trap to get caught in when there is a war on.

I sent the car up the hill as fast she could go, and it was a long climb. As we went over the brow and started on the down grade we ran right under the nose of the German artillery observers. This road was officially closed, and those sentries should have stopped us.

Well, it scared me so that I went down that hill so fast those officers must have thought they were in a parachute. As we entered the village the shells commenced to drop in on us, and we ran for the nearest shelter, which happened to be a brewery.

There wasn't much left of the place anyway, as it had been in German hands, and we had shelled them out of it, and when we had taken it they had shelled us out of it. Anyway, we left the car and crawled into the cellar. It was wet and filthy, but it looked just like heaven to me that day.

We lay there in all this filth hour after hour, while the shells literally poured in all around us. They certainly wasted a lot of good ammunition trying to get us, but the best of it was that they didn't succeed. One of the officers remarked during a moment's silence that the crown prince of Germany must have made his headquarters in the place when it was in German hands. Another officer replied that he wished the crown prince was there now.

We lay there till the fire let up, which it did about 5 o'clock. I was worrying about getting back, and I was also wondering what had become of the car. If it was gone we might just as well kiss ourselves goodby, for our chances of getting out on foot would be slim.

When the fire had abated we came out and looked around. The enemy certainly had made a mess of the place, for even the top story of the brewery had been shot away from over our heads. I went to look the car over, and you can just believe I was relieved to find that, aside from having a few holes through the body, it was all right.

The officers decided to wait until it was dark before chancing to run back. I didn't know what was going to happen to us. I wasn't very familiar with the road, and I was afraid they would have some kind of barricade up or have a few machine guns trained on us or something equally unpleasant.

I certainly was dreading that ride back, but there was no other way out, and we were between the devil and the deep sea. It was at a time like that that I wished that I had never seen the British army. I turned the car around, and as soon as it was dark we got in and started. I opened her up

The British Tommy Will Gamble With, On or For Anything.

wide, and by the time we got to the bottom of the hill we were doing about fifty miles an hour, and I couldn't see very much, either, for of course I did not use any lights.

I didn't know what was waiting for us at the top of the hill, but I did know that if there was anything there we were going right through it, even if we didn't go any farther. The ridiculous part of it was that we went right through and never saw a thing. Absolutely nothing happened, but I don't ever want to feel again the way I felt going up that hill.

Shortly after this I learned that the British Tommy is a great gambler and will gamble with, on or for anything. Trench pools used to be very popular. About ten fellows got together, and each put 10 francs in a pool just before they went into action. They left this money with some one behind the lines, for they would be in action anywhere from six days to three weeks.

The idea of the pool was this: Those who lived to get back would take the money and split it evenly among themselves. If only one lived he would have the whole lot. Sometimes the pools would be fairly big and sometimes the reverse, but whatever they had went in.

It was the only gamble I ever saw where you couldn't lose. If you came out safely you were bound to get your own money back at least.

The Tommies are strong for carrying pets with them too. They keep canaries, rats, mice, dogs, cats, goats and even pigs, and they will go hungry themselves rather than see the object of their affections want for anything. On the march if they get tired they may throw their equipment away, but I never heard of one yet who would give up his mascot.

During the winter there was a lot of talk about the "mad major." He was an artillery officer who was just about the biggest daredevil I ever heard of. He kept an aeroplane himself, and if he wanted to correct a range he would go and drop smoke bombs over the point he wanted to get. He was absolutely fearless and would fly so low that they would be potting at him with revolvers, but it didn't seem to bother him.

I have heard that he did more damage with his battery than a whole brigade of ordinary artillery could under ordinary circumstances. I don't know what became of him in the end, but the last of his stunts that I heard about was this: There was a big seventeen inch howitzer doing us an awful lot of damage. It was out of range of our guns, and we were much put about as to how to get it out of action.

The "mad major" went out alone in his aeroplane and took with him just one bomb, a hundred pounder. He located the gun he wanted while flying at an altitude of 3,000 feet. He got right over the position and stopped his engine. He did a nose dive to within 400 feet of the gun. Then he dropped his bomb and blew the thing to atoms. He got back safely, but the planes of his machine were riddled with bullets.

Soon after this we were on the move, and, as it happened, we went from bad to worse. The first day we entered a little place that was unoccupied by troops, and we decided to spend the night there. The Germans must have heard of our arrival promptly, for before we had been there an hour shells began to drop in on us.

The officer I was driving was with me at the time the first one burst. It landed in the back yard of the house we were in, and the force of the explosion sent us all in a heap in the door. The officer decided that we would get out of the place and find some nice, quiet spot to spend the night. We left at once and went about five miles down the road and came to a fairly am-

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS EDITH M. TILLEY,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917.

NOTES.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport, R. I., from a paper read before the Newport Historical Society, June 23, 1885, by Rev. A. P. Mendes.

The Cemetery of the Ancient Hebrew Congregation, "Yeshuath Israel," is situated on Touro street, at the point of its intersection by Kay street. It was acquired in the year 1677 from Nathaniel Dickens, by Moses Pacheco and Mordecai Campanal for the use of the Hebrews then resident in Newport for many years, having already organized a congregation in 1658. I have been enabled to ascertain the original boundaries of the cemetery from the inspection of the copy of the deed now preserved in the office of the City Clerk. In that deed it is clearly defined as "A piece of land 30 feet long, resting southwest upon the highway that leads from ye Stone Mill towards Benjamin Griffin's land, and 30 foot upon the line cutting southeast upon John Easton's land, and 30 foot upon the line northwest, cutting upon a slip of land which the said Nathaniel Dickens hath yet remaining between this piece of land now sold and the land belonging unto Benjamin Griffins, and the line northeast butting also upon Nathaniel Dickens, his land to be in length 40 foot. Sold unto ye said Jews and their heirs and assigns and successors for them to possess and enjoy for the use aforesaid forever," Dated 28th February, 1677.

Now one would say that such a plot of ground, 30 feet by 40, would be most inadequate for the necessities of a community numbering sixty families. And so, no doubt, it proved to be, because the present limits of the cemetery certainly exceed those named in the original deed. We are thus led to the conclusion that more land was subsequently acquired and added, probably that very contiguous slip named in the deed as still belonging to Nathaniel Dickens. There are several plans existing among the archives of the city referring to the estate of the late Deacon William Tilley. They date some 60 years back, and on three of them the cemetery is to be found well defined in its existing limits. It is still a small burial yard for a community that subsequently grew to two hundred families, but we must accept its diminutive proportions as a recognition of the salubrity of Newport, and believe that the Hebrews expected and provided for a very moderate bill of mortality.

When the congregation was broken up in consequence of the removal of its members to other cities, the burial ground was suffered to fall into neglect and decay. For years it remained surrounded by an imperfect fence, through the breaches of which stray animals found admittance and augmented the ravages which time and neglect had already wrought. This sad condition of the resting place of his relatives was, in 1820, brought to the notice of Mr. Abraham Touro, then resident in Boston. Mr. Touro visited Newport and gave directions for the erection of a brick wall, which for more than twenty years afforded ample protection to the cemetery. In 1842 his brother, Judah Touro, a resident of New Orleans, who dearly loved Newport and was always solicitous to display that affection by the most generous benefactions, resolved among other good works to restore and beautify the sepulchre of his fathers. He commissioned a personal friend to have the cemetery put in perfect order; to repair and restore the ornaments; to replace the brick wall with the granite bases and pillars and the iron railing which now exist; to beautify the grounds and adorn its entrance with the noble gateway so well known to you. This work was executed under the direction of Mr. Isaiah Rogers of Boston, at a cost of $12,000. At his demise Mr. Touro also bequeathed a considerable sum in trust to the corporation for certain purposes connected with Jewish interests. Among these was the perpetual conservation of the cemetery. How faithfully and well that trust has been discharged, you all know. They have converted the graveyard into a smiling garden, wherein luxuriate the most radiant of flowers and the most fragrant of blossoms.

A few of the inscriptions upon the existing monuments I will proceed to enumerate:

The first inscription is in Spanish and English. It is surmounted by five Hebrew letters, initials of the words

"May her soul be bound up in the bands of life."

The Spanish epitaph is to this effect:

Here lieth the very honored and virtuous Mrs. Rachel Rodriquez Rivera, who died on the Sabbath, 3d of Veadar, 5521, which corresponds to the 14th March, 1761.
May her blessed soul enjoy Divine glory. Amen.
Her age was 77.

This is followed by an almost literal translation in English.

Here lieth the body of ye virtuous Mrs. Rachel Rodriquez Rivera, who departed this life on Saturday, the 8th of Veadar, 5521, which corresponds to ye 14th of March,
1761.
May her blessed soul enjoy eternal happiness. Amen.
(The age is expressed in Latin.) Ætates sui 77

No. 2. This inscription is in Hebrew and Latin. The Hebrew is to the following effect:

This is the monument of the burial place of the worthy woman, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Aaron Lopes, who departed to her eternal home on the eve of the holy Sabbath—on the 21st day of the month Iyar, of the year 5522—minor notation. The days of the years of her life were 30 years. May her soul be bound up in the bands of life with the souls of the righteous men and women in Paradise.

This is followed by a Latin inscription, a few words of which are now illegible. The following is, however, distinct:

Whatever remains after death
of Abigail Lopez, is here.
She was distinguished for virtue and
lively charity,
A faithful wife and companion,
The tenderest of parents,
died 21st Iyar,
In the year of the world 5522,
which is
the 14th day of May, 1762, of the
Vulgar era.
Her age 30.

In memory
of Isaac, ye son
of Moses and
Rebecca Lopez,
died 4th Tisri, 5523,
Aged 6 mo. and 9 days.
The footstone is inscribed I. L. 5523

No. 4. Head and foot-stone both inscribed. Head-stone bears inscription in English only:

In memory of
Jacob, ye son
of Moses and
Rebecca Lopez,
died Tisri ye 30,
5524, aged
8 years, 3 mo.
and 23 days.
Foot-stone is inscribed J. L. 5524.

No. 6. Is in Hebrew and English. The Hebrew inscription is as follows:

Monument
Of the burial place of the honored woman
Rebecca, daughter of Judah,
Who departed for her eternal home
on the eve of the Holy Sabbath,
28th of First adar, in the year 5524
(minor notation.) The years of
her life
Were 65 years, 6 months and 18 days.
May her soul be bound up in the bands
of life.

The English inscription is as follows:

Rebecca, the wife of Zachariah Polock,
Died March 29, 1764,
Aged 65 years, 6 mos., 18 days.

This inscription is remarkable for a grammatical error. The word "Halach," departed, being in the mas. gender, though referring to a female.

No. 11—Is in Hebrew and English. The stone is surmounted by the Scripture text in Hebrew, Num. XII, 3 - "Now the man Moses was exceeding meek." Then follows:

Monument
Of the burial place of the honored
old man, Mr. Moses Lopez, who
was liberated on the 7th and buried
on the 8th day of the month Nissan
in the year 5527 of the Creation.
The days of his life were 61 years.
May his soul be bound in the
bands of life with the souls of the
righteous.

The English epitaph is as follows:

Sacred to the memory of Mr. Moses
Lopez, Merchant, who suddenly
quitted this transitory life, on the
6th April, 1767, in the sixty-first
year of his age.
He was a gentleman in whom were
united every moral and social virtue, which prepared his immortal
part for the fruition of that glorious state, where the pious and virtuous receive the reward of their
good actions.

No. 12—Is in Hebrew and English. The Hebrew runs thus:

Monument
of the burial place of the honored
old man, Mr. Isaac Mendes Seixas,
liberated for Paradise on the 5th
day of Marcheshvan 5411 (minor
notation). And the days of the
years of his life were 72 years.
The memery of the just is a blessing.
May his soul be bound in the bands
of life.

The English is inscribed;

Mr. Isaac Mendes Seixas,
of New York,
Died 5th Heshvan 5541; November 3d,
1780,
Aged 72 years.

QUERIES.

9013. GOULD—Who were the ancestors of Thomas Gould, who married Elizabeth Baulston? He died before 1696.—J. S.

9014. LYALL—Would like the parentage of John Lyall, who married Sarah Barton, widow, at Newport, R. I., November 23, 1727. Who was her first husband?—A.B.

9015. JOHNSON—Who was Sarah, wife of Joseph Johnson, whose daughter Rebecca was born in Newport, R. I., February —, 1717?—A.B.

9016. FREEBORN—Who were the parents of Gideon Freeborn, of Portsmouth, R. I., who made his will Jan. 27, 1714, and mentioned the following: wife Mary, son Gideon, son William, deceased, daughters Sarah Wanton, Anne Durfee, Martha Cornell, Susanna Freeborn, Comfort Freeborn, Mary Brayton, Mercy Coggeshall, and Patience Anthony; grand-daughter Sarah Freeborn, grandson Gideon Wanton, grandson John Freeborn, grandson Gideon Durfee, and many others?—G.D.A.

9017. ELLIOTT—Nathaniel Elliott removed from Woodstock, Conn., to Northampton, Mass., in 1762. He died 1777 and his wife, Abigail, died Jan. 10, 1777. Would like her ancestry.—C.L.A.

9018. HOWARD—Would like ancestry of Moses Howard of Newport, deceased in 1759. Had a son William. Who was his wife?—M.N.

9019. BURROUGHS—Who were the parents of Samuel Burroughs of Newport, R. I., who died Oct. 21, 1801, aged 89? He married Nov. —, 1745. Mary Greene of Middletown. Would like her ancestry.—F.G.

9020. CROSSMAN—Who were the ancestors of Hannah Crossman, wife of Seth, of Newport, R. I.? They had a daughter Hannah, born April 8, 1748.—F. G.

A very successful peach supper was held Tuesday evening at Holy Cross Guild House with Mrs. Henry I. Chase as chairman.

Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby has started for his winter home at Sewall's Point, Florida, going through by automobile.

Mass Meeting

In the interest of

Liberty Loan

will be held in

Churchill House,
Providence,

on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th
AT 4 O'CLOCK

All Women Invited Good Music
Good Speaking

THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD COMPANY

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD COMPANY,

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, will be held in Harmonie Hall, No. 9 Elm street, in the city of New Haven, Connecticut, on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1917, at 12:00 o'clock noon, for the following purposes:

1. To consider and take appropriate action upon the Statement of the affairs of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company for the year ending December 31, 1916, and all acts described therein or reported at said meeting.
2. To elect a Board of Directors to serve until the next annual meeting and until their successors shall have been elected and qualified.
3. To act upon proposed amendments to the Stockholders' by-laws as follows: Amend Article III by changing the date for the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders from the fourth Wednesday of October in each year to the third Wednesday in April in each year, and by striking out the words "Chairman of the Board" and inserting in lieu thereof the words "President" so that said article as amended shall read as follows:

"III. The annual meeting of this corporation at which directors shall be chosen shall be held in the City of New Haven, Connecticut, on the third Wednesday of April in each year at 12 o'clock M., at such place as shall be fixed by the President or Directors."

Amend Articles IV, VII and IX by striking out the words "Chairman of the Board" wherever they occur and inserting in lieu thereof the word "President" so that said articles as amended shall read as follows:

"IV. A special meeting of this corporation may be called at any time by order of the Board of Directors and shall be held in the City of New Haven at such hour and place as shall be fixed by the President or Directors."

"VII. For each annual and special meeting of the Stockholders the Board of Directors shall appoint two tellers to receive and count the votes cast thereat, in case of the failure of the Board of Directors to make such appointment or in case of the failure or inability of either or both of the tellers to serve at such meeting, the President shall appoint another teller, or tellers, in his, or their, places."

"IX. All the meetings of this corporation shall be presided over by the President, when he shall be present."

4. To transact any other business which may properly come before said meeting.

For the purpose of this meeting the transfer books of the Company will be closed from October 10th to October 24th, 1917, both days inclusive.

Dated at New Haven, Connecticut, this first day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors,
ARTHUR K. CLARK,
10-6-3w Secretary.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company will be held in Harmonie Hall, No. 9 Elm street, in the City of New Haven, Connecticut, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth day of October, 1917, if the Annual Meeting shall have adjourned at that hour; if not, then immediately upon the adjournment of said Annual Meeting, for the following purposes:

1. To act upon the acceptance of the amendment to the charter of this corporation contained in an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut approved May 18th, 1917, entitled: "An Act Amending the Charter of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company," in reference to the issue of shares of the preferred stock.
2. To act upon the acceptance of the amendment to the charter of this corporation contained in an Act passed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, approved May 24th, 1917, entitled: "An Act Relative to the Issue of Preferred Stock by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company."
3. To act upon a proposition to authorize the issue of not exceeding four hundred and fifty thousand ($450,000) shares of cumulative preferred stock of the par value of one hundred dollars ($100) each, the stockholders of which shall be entitled to receive out of the annual net income of the Company, dividends of not exceeding seven per centum per annum.

For the purpose of this meeting the transfer books of the Company will be closed from October 10th to October 24th, 1917, both days inclusive.

Dated at New Haven, Connecticut, this first day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors,
ARTHUR K. CLARK,
10-6-3w Secretary

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 24th, 1917.

Estate of Eugene C. O'Neill

REQUEST in writing is made by Katherine F. O'Neill, widow of Eugene C. O'Neill, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifteenth day of October next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-29-3w Clerk.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., September 18, A. D. 1917.

Estate of Martha J. DeShields

WILLETT LIPPINCOTT, the Administrator on the estate of Martha J. DeShields, single woman, deceased, has this day filed in this office his first account with said estate, together with his petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded, and that an order of distribution may be entered, distributing the balance which may be found in his hands as administrator aforesaid, among the persons legally entitled thereto. And said Administrator has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of said account and petition, according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said account and petition that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of October next, A. D. 1917, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
9-22-3w Probate Clerk

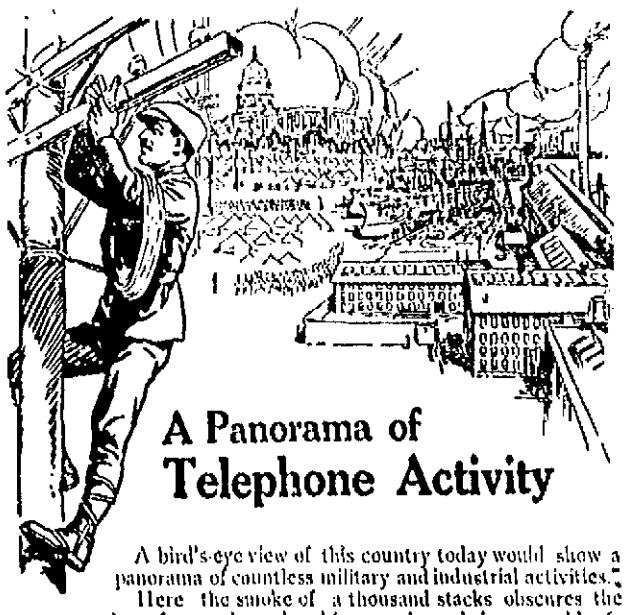
Do You Want Cash

For Your Farm Property?

If so, write to

Farmers & Traders' Bureau,

12-30-26w 738 R. Jamestown, N.Y.



A Panorama of Telephone Activity

A bird's-eye view of this country today would show a panorama of countless military and industrial activities.

Here the smoke of a thousand stacks obscures the view of arsenal, steel and iron works and innumerable factories.

There the sun's rays flash upon thousands of glittering bayonets and rise and set on many new and strange looking cities—the mobilization camps of the armies of the Republic, or gild the wings of swift aeroplanes gliding to and fro in bird-like flight over broad aviation fields.

The National Capitol would be seen, from which all these vast enterprises are directed and co-ordinated, with hundreds of telephone lines radiating from it to all parts of the country and linking it to each military and industrial center.

A veritable maze of other telephone pole lines, covering the whole country with a net-work of wires, would be visible, connecting city, town, camp, fortification, navy yards, military headquarters, coast-guard stations and light-houses.

Everywhere busy groups of telephone workers would be disclosed erecting poles and stringing wires to meet new and extraordinary demands for service.

All this telephone activity is but a part of the vast work the Bell system is doing.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of material and labor, our construction program for the year is the largest in the Company's history. Yet it will require the conservation of every resource to keep pace with the constantly increasing demands for service.

Join us in this patriotic service, by remembering that the more careful you are to make only telephone calls that are necessary and to confine your talks as much as possible to the less busy hours of the day, the better we can meet the needs of the Nation.

Providence Telephone Company

ANNOUNCEMENT
TO THE PUBLIC

Owing to circumstances in the city and neighboring towns over which we had no control and could not foresee, three cases of diphtheria developed among three members of my family, and as a precaution and a safe-guard to the public, my stores and factory were closed, all utensils used in manufacturing confectionery, etc., thoroughly sterilized and fumigated. My establishment has been inspected by City, State and Federal Inspectors and passed upon as satsfactory in all ways.

My men are now working overtime to replace my entire stock, which was burned for safety sake, and my object now is, as it always has been, to give the public the purest and best goods obtainable anywhere at reasonable prices.

The large assortment of goods usually to be had will be on hand for your approval.

Thanking you for past courtesies, I am

SIMON KOSCHNY

Manufacturing Confectioner

232 Thames Street
16 Broadway Telephone 961

"Meet me at Barney's."

ANNOUNCING

BARNEY'S 22d ANNUAL SALE

of Rented Pianos, at which time pianos are sold for much less than the regular price, because they have been rented.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 1st

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

Fowl Indeed.

Singular, isn't it? When a fellow gets a ducking in cold water goose-flesh stands out on him.

Commonwealth Hotel

(Incorporated)

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.

Offers rooms with hot and cold water for $1.00 per day; which includes free use of public shower baths. Nothing to equal this in New England. Rooms with private bath for $1.50 per day; suites of two rooms and bath for $4.00 per day.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
TEMPERANCE HOUSE
Send for Booklet

STORER F. CRAFTS, Genr. Mgr.

Not Speaking of Furniture.

It doesn't necessarily follow that because a chap has what is termed a massive brow that his head is made of oak.

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.

FALL SHOES

NEW LINE of Oxfords and Shoes for Men and Women in the Styles of the present season

SCHOOL SHOES FOR CHILDREN

Styles and materials best suited for school wear.

ARMY SHOES

On the famous MUNSON last for Men, Women and Boys

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

WE STILL SELL

Garden Seeds

OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR,
GRAIN,
ETC.

Mackenzie & Winslow

(INCORPORATED)

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, September 20, 1917.

Estate of John C. Champlin

REQUEST in writing is made by Annie J. Champlin, widow, and other heirs at law of John C. Champlin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased intestate, that she, said Annie J. Champlin, and Christopher A. Champlin, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed administrators of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the sixth day of October, 1917, at 4 o'clock P. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
9-22-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., September 20th, 1917.

Estate of John C. Champlin, Jr.

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by John C. Champlin, Jr., a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of John C. Champlin, late of New Shoreham deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of Annie J. Champlin of said New Shoreham as guardian of his person and estate and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the sixth day of October at four o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
9-22-3w Clerk.

No. 1492

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business September 11, 1917.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	256,663 57
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	[illegible]
U.S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	112,500 00
Total U.S. bonds, other than Liberty Bonds, and Certificates of indebtedness.	112,500 00
Liberty Loan Bonds, unpledged,	27,616 52
Liberty Loan Bonds, pledged to secure U. S. and other deposits	[illegible]
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	88,575 75
Total bonds, securities, etc.	[illegible]
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	[illegible]
Stock of Federal Reserve bank (6 per cent. of subscription)	[illegible]
Equity in banking house	[illegible]
Lawful reserve, with Federal Reserve Bank	[illegible]
Net amounts due from banks and bankers and trust companies other than included in items 18, 14, and 15	[illegible]
Exchanges for clearing house	[illegible]
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U.S. Treasurer	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]
Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	[illegible]
Surplus fund	[illegible]
Undivided profits	14,439 65
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	[illegible]
Circulating notes outstanding	[illegible]
Individual deposits subject to check	[illegible]
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days	[illegible]
Certified checks	[illegible]
Cashier's checks outstanding	[illegible]
Dividends unpaid	[illegible]
Total demands deposits subject to Reserve Items 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1917.

PACKER BRANAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

GEORGE W. SHERMAN,
WILLIAM STEVENS,
WILLIAM A. SHERMAN,
Directors.

Daily Thought.

Friendship is the warp and woof of human oneness; love is the dye and pattern which makes the fabric fast and glad.—Richard Wightman.